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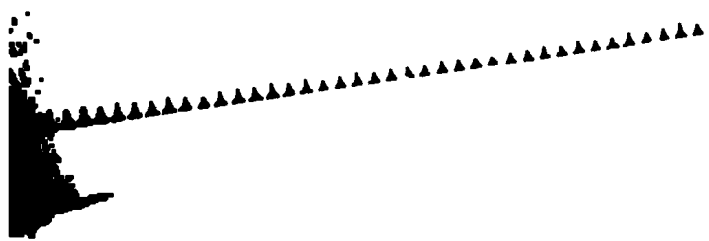

AND

HRISTIAN SCHOLAR.

BY THE

.UTHOR OF "THE CATHEDRAL."

Isaac Will.

J. K.

HÆC CUM SUA SINT
VERIUS QUAM MEA
GRATO ANIMO ATTRIBUUNTUR.

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PERSIUS.

THE object of the present volume is to ren-
the study of the Classics subservient to a
r wisdom. As the subject extends in its
cation to the whole course of academi-
ducation, the writer has thought that he
l not better explain his views than by
erting a sermon preached some years since
fore the University of Oxford with this pur-
ose; while the translations, and reflections in
rse on passages selected from the Classics,
ay serve to shew by example the manner in
hich the subject may be pursued. The de-
gn of the work is founded on a strong con-
tion, derived from personal experience, of
importance of counteracting the evil to be
rehended from the indiscriminate use of
ssical writers, and of rendering them effi-
ous and subordinate to the great ends of
stian education. For if it might be allow
for the writer to speak of himself, he ma
that he can remember in no other w
have derived

; actual religious ...
of tuition himself, from this indirect
istruction in another,—to whom he
y thing that renders life valuable.
a he was himself afterwards engaged
al teaching, it was his earnest en-
in the same manner to keep a Chris-
ect in view in such studies, as much
fulfilling any duty directly Ministerial
oral.

mode in which the subject is treated is
suggestive, intended to furnish hints
than any formed adaptation or sys-
a course which appears preferable to
... has been sometimes attempted
... religious notes

...ings in themselves ... or pernicious. To neutralize the evil, to draw out the good, to build up what is deficient, to shed light on what is dark, by suggesting when seasonable, by association, by contrast, by coincidence, by correspondence,—all this can only be the work of the Teacher and the Taught. As the living exponent and steward of mysteries is essential to the right planting of the Gospel; so in like manner is the living instructor necessary as the expounder of heathen oracles or verses of the Sibyl. Nor is this latter an unworthy service in the school of Christ; that what of itself is evil may be converted ... good, that even, if ...

then only are healthily pursued when t
are held in their proper subserviency to
sanctity and primacy of the Christian fa
"If thine eye be single thy whole body s
be full of light; but if thine eye be" not si
"thy whole body shall be full of dar
—and all the senses and faculties v
take of that darkness. If that ligh
cherished as first of all things and
it will throw its own proper hue
ing on subordinate studies, and
conformable unto itself. For th
tifies the things of the world w
as not abusing." That whic
first place in the heart mould
character; if heathen st
cedence, then religion
religion is first, then h
raised: classical pursu

Christianity, or Christianity will be debased by them. Now this must be the work of individuals, which systems can assist, but cannot supersede. The authority indeed of all ages has admitted the use of such works as a means of education, but surely not as exclusive of religion, nor in any way as separated and detached from its all-pervading domain, and all-directing influence; for then only can the Church of God ever have considered such studies as admissible when they tend to ameliorate the heart, as well as to invigorate the understanding and refine the taste. Otherwise occupation in such studies and teaching would be little compatible with the sacred calling of the Clergy; and for them to spend their time in imparting religious instruction to the poor, and a knowledge of the Classics to the rich, would be to feed the latter with the husks, and give the fruit to the former alone.

But objections may arise and prejudices exist against such use of the Classics as is here recommended, as if we were turning to fallible and dark guides for instruction in morals and religion with the full light of Revelation shining upon us. Will it not, it

that there is an ...
sure and steadfast, and which e
that within the veil." In all li
learning the stay of the soul
theology. If to pantheistic te
antidote is Sacramental doctr
faith once delivered to the saint
rective and safeguard in philos
and history. Our course is t
trary to that of the eclectic
who would seek for error in
divine truth and attach to it
uncertainty; we holding the
ness of truth are willing to re
nearances in things human.

more visible as t
down.

Not that it is
student of the Cla
great advances in
required than an
truths which even
receive from the C
are usually spoke
paratory to the a
Thus Clement of
cian philosophy a
wisdom"; of its l
Law to the Jews,
them unto Christ
dom being the e

hinds may be
which is divine'."

And our own custom of making
Classics as the chief and almost exclusiv
means of education, has in it at all even
this beneficial effect, that the minds of you
men may be thus occupied in intellectual d
cipline and moral training before they c
to the questions of controversial doctrine
higher theology. Indeed many err
forms of religion, such as the popul
ceived Lutheran and Calvinistic opini
dissipated by the study of moral p
and Aristotle, previous to more di
logical studies, being but the rev
new forms of those errors which
son would itself tend to refute.

Some degree of knowledge is
plied and understood, which

d De leg. lib. Gen.

... the Old
... paratory to the New, yet is
ghtly understood by some knowledge
we derive from the New; in like
r classical studies may be preparatory
ne, yet are only properly understood
ead in the light kindled at the Chris-
ar. Add to which, there is a wisdom
ng on the highest in the heart of
-instructed childhood.

---

gard to the testimony of the earlier
this mode of studying the Classics.
d the object of this ...

bject of Clement's Stromata.

Indeed the Christian adoption and ad
ion of the works of the Gentiles, which
he purpose of this volume to recomm
annot perhaps be better expressed tha
hat idea which is dwelt upon in such r
old ways, by ancient writers;—of the
lren of Israel coming up laden with the r
f Egypt; which, says Origen, they di
he divine command, that by the spoi
Egypt they might find materials for the
ice of God; and so that those things w
he Egyptians knew not how to use ar
he Hebrews, through the wisdom of
onverted to the purposes of holy worsl

g P. 99.
h P. 134.
f See p p. 73 and 103.
k Exhs. ad Greg.

ugustin, dwelling on the same illustra-
likens such Gentile studies to "the gold,
, and apparel, which the people of Israel
s departure from Egypt assumed to a
r use, not on its own authority, but at
ommand of God, the very Egyptians un-
ıgly furnishing the things which them-
s used not well ;"—which he likens in his
cation to "the useful moral precepts,"
in such literature, and to the truths

:rom ...
:n to the God of Sabaoth[o]. But most
point is that interesting and beautiful
rse of St. Basil's, addressed to young men
: subject of reading the Classics, which
oughout to this effect. He too therein
, as well as Origen[p] and St. Augustin[q],
: examples in Scripture. "Even Moses
elf," he says, "who has the greatest
: for wisdom amongst men, is said to
had his understanding exercised in all
wisdom of the Egyptians, and thus to
come to the contemplation of the truth.
ke manner in after times the wise Daniel
abylon was instructed in all the wisdom
... applied himself to

stle to Titus, "The Cretians are alway:
evil beasts, slow bellies," an heroic verse
wards used by Callimachus; and in a:
Epistle the line of Menander, "Evil cc
nications corrupt good manners;" and
the Athenians in the midst of Mars'
adduces, adds St. Jerome, the words
poet Aratus, "For we are His offspring
of which St. Jerome speaks as insta:
the true David wresting their arms fr
hands of the enemy and slaying Golia
his own sword. In like manner St. G
the Great represents "the only end
liberal studies to be the better underst
of the Scriptures." He speaks of tl
being like the sword and the spear o
the Philistines would deprive the Isr
which he thus applies in his commen

s, but in different parts of the same
the St. Gregory just mentioned sharply
es a bishop for giving himself up to such
s'. St. Jerome too condemns the clergy
king delight in the Classics, to the neg-
f the Scriptures, and in reading Virgil,
. he adds was a matter of "necessity
uth ." Origen says that,—"Scripture
s it to have been for evil for the children
ael to sojourn in Egypt, that is in secu-
udies, after being inscribed in the Law
d;" that it was in consequence of this
Jeroboam divided the people of God, and
p the golden calves. Such, he says, is
the case; and rare is the instance.

But the inference with regard to our present design is the same from both views; for since ancient fathers do sometimes condemn the study of Gentile writers, and when they mostly recommend the use of them, yet do so as subservient only and instrumental to higher ends, they in both alike seem to urge the propriety of looking upon them in the manner which has been attempted in this work; the purport of which is not directly to recommend the study of the Classics, but, the necessity or advisableness of their use being allowed and acted upon, to urge that it should be with such cautions and always as directed to such ends.

It may be summed up in the striking images of St. Basil in his advice on heathen literature. "This is the *point* which I wish to urge, that *you do not at once* deliver up the helm and *guidance of your* mind to such writers, *following them* whithersoever they may lead

receiving what in them is benefici
bserve what ought to be set aside
again, "To look on all things as the
ice to the attainment of another life. T
ace therefore and pursue with all ou
t such things as appertain to that end
uch as conduce not to it to pass by
ing worth." And further, "Not only
up the ears to evil characters in th
s as against the Syren melodies," but
ory also "to look only to the praises
ue and condemnations of vice. As flow
ish enjoyment to others so far only as
ir scent and colour, but bees are capa
xtracting honey from them: such is
e in these studies: those who are not c
merely to look for what is pleasant

literature as with all things which belong to our fallen nature; medicines are blended with poisons,—sweet flowers surrounded with thorns; good and evil grow side by side, intermingle and are combined together; all practical wisdom consists in the habit of setting aside the evil and choosing the good; or rather, (still further to press the example of the bees,) in having throughout but one end in view, and converting or assimilating all things to that alone.

a De leg. lib. Gen.

glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ[b]." If through inanimate nature made up of discordant elements, though there be neither speech nor language, yet their voices are ever heard among them, praising God; may not the same be heard throughout the diversities which exist among mankind? If moreover the Author of the natural world and the Author of Revelation be the Same, it were not only reasonable to expect analogies and resemblances in both, but so far as heathen writers adhere to nature and rightly interpret her, though their voice may be feeble and faint, yet if understood according to that better wisdom which is from above, it will be in accordance with the voice of the Spirit. Though like children they knew not half the meaning of their own words, yet we must understand them; and our endeavour to *do so will not* be unacceptable to Him Who

[b] Rom. xv. 6.

giveth not to ...

humbly trust that they who "walk in the Spirit" shall enjoy the same even now in real substance and fulness. The mere of tongues was in itself but the sign of ething higher and better which was be- ved; and if that alone were continued, , one speech restored to all nations, or a ver in the Church of speaking with every ıgue, such would be but the sound and the ıdow of "the Unspeakable Gift," then con- ved; that deep harmony and union where- as with a secret tongue, the Spirit within speaks God's glory and good-will to man. We of this time and place spend our days ir rning other tongues, of "strangers of Rome ws and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians": l surely as children of the Spirit we sha ... gifts, unless ou

such diversity of tongues in the wisdom of their wise men, all at variance with each other. But explained and harmonized by the Spirit as our interpreter, even they may be made "with one mind and one mouth to glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ[b]." If through inanimate nature made up of discordant elements, though there be neither speech nor language, yet their voices are ever heard among them, praising God; may not the same be heard throughout the diversities which exist among mankind? If moreover the Author of the natural world and the Author of Revelation be the Same, it were not only reasonable to expect analogies and resemblances in both, but so far as heathen writers adhere to nature and rightly interpret her, though their voice may

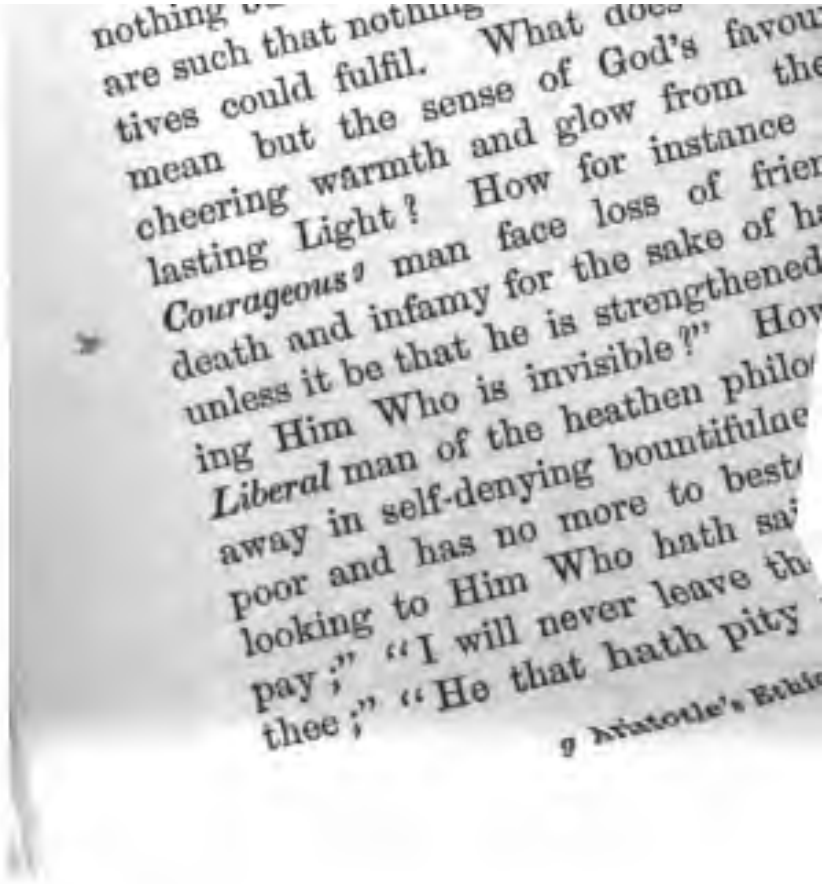
he history of Holy Scripture has well been
. to be the sun of all history: but not this
y: to all heathen ethics the morality of
ipture is as the sun: to all poetry the
try of Scripture is as the sun also. With-
which indeed they were all cold, dark,
. lifeless; and not cold and dead only, but
oss Holy Scripture gives them life corrupt
l corrupting likewise. This may be and
eed should be observed throughout: and
each of these departments, whenever we
k for parallel passages in Holy Writ, one
nt of difference will be immediately per-
ved, that in every thing Holy Scripture
roduces the immediate presence of God.

get or lose sight of; but in every page of profane history see God's presence; in the righteous visitations, in slow but sure judgments, in the rise and fall of nations, we must ever see Him present, till our senses be so exercised by use to discern Him, that amid the noise of men and nations passing on to their destruction, our ears hear nothing but the new song of the redeemed from the earth, the eternal chime; and our eyes see

throughout all nature of the great and final
Judgment, which they are in some signal
manner to precede? What are the Fates and
Furies, but those retributive powers which
fail not, but pursue men beyond the grave?
what are they but the ways of God's natural
and moral Providence, so dark as not to be
understood, yet so regular in their operation
as to indicate a law? What is the *envy*[d] of
gods which the oldest of historians so often
notices, but evidences throughout nature
Him Who, in compassion

rum? Though the
f another tongue, and hard to be
yet shall not he who is taught
t, like Daniel of old, interpret the
ters, which say of weak humanity,
weighed in the balances, and art
ng."

nderstand these things aright we
ight of God's revealed Word, we
all records of mankind in Holy
immediate Hand of God is in-
one nation overthrows another
mmand: if hail falls from Hea-
overwhelm a nation; if there
ake or a pestilence, it is His
His word. He is present order-
and arranging every step.
evil in a city



lendeth unto the Lord."
the *Magnanimous* characte
of all his system of moral
faith? For though it be
one to estimate at too
merits; yet the *capabiliti*
limated and exalted and
are such, that we find the
man with God in Holy Sc
act proportion to his seek
for great things. Such is
of all that noble army of
are described as looking

... so much in
this the case that Origen mentions it
of our Lord's sayings, "Ask for the
things, and the small things shall be
unto you." Who in like manner can
stand the *Wisdom* or *Contemplation*, wh
same philosopher marks out as the
moral goodness and obedience, thou
ventures not to explain its nature,—
read of that wisdom which St. Paul s
revealed only unto the perfect: and w
it in St. John, whose soul is ever taken
divine contemplation;—that mysteriou
dom kindled by transcendent love whic
ancient fathers delight to describe as his
liar character? And surely if the king
of Nature are as some have supposed
types and shadows of the kingdoms of G
if th

Babylon the towers of
salem?

No less forcibly to heat
Christianity give a tongu
its own, by which it is r
even the Palace of our
Let us take for
Romans. Over
jesty of the
with intent
not given
and describing so vividly

Word to kindle it. And not only is
case that all the events of man's life,
events in the life of nations are in histo
the course of a chariot without its ru
and in heathen ethics what goes on i
inner world of the soul of man is found
devoid of energy and power without th
of Revelation;—but so is it with all
in the animate and the inanimate cr
throughout the poets of the heathen,
like wandering sheep without a she
until we refer to parallel descriptions i
Scripture. Then we recognise through
Maker and Preserver of all; then every
creature is a creature of God, the w
God's world, animal as well as spiritu
every thing created lives and rejoices b
it is His. The light of the sky is His gar
the clouds are His chariot; the sea kno
voice, moves only at His voice, and

time" in the mighty waters. These all
ting upon God; "servants of His that
pleasure;" He opens His hand and
re "filled with good;" He hides His
d "they are troubled." Every thing
ified because it is His; every motion
y animal is full of interest, because it
id moves in Him. All the creatures
xquisite and touching beauty are de-
as having their being in Him, with all
anifold characters and pursuits, while
goeth forth to his" labour and appointed
until the evening."
herefore to the Christian all things are
new, and it is to him, as the Apostle

Then indeed do all things appear strai
and wonderful: even the springs of the hum
mind appear open to his view. What is
mixture of earth and heaven in the long a
fierce struggle of the ten years' war of Tr
—the story of which has been given to sta
forth as the great poem of the world,—bu
dark and dim feeling in human nature of t
war in which mankind is ever engaged, and
which good and evil angels take an earn
part? The very expressions of the Psal
carry us on to this instruction. What are
long and perilous wanderings of the Chief e
true to his home, but a vivid picture and e
bodying of the yearnings of the poet's o

making them a divine service, by seeing God in them? Must not this be the wish of every one? and if this is his wish, can he, I say, avoid doing so? If he sees in every returning night an image of death, and in every new morning a type of resurrection after death, and practises himself in solemn thoughts at the analogy, no one surely would blame him

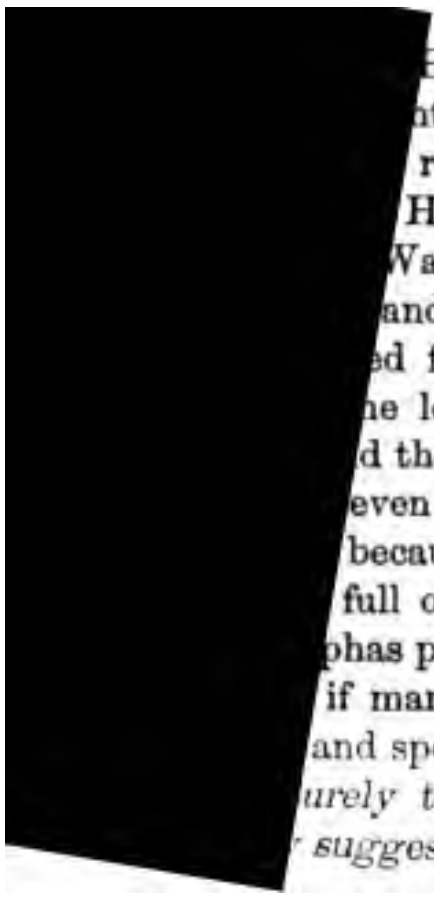
tie of affection, which is known
kind, being that of parents to th
—how can he fail to see in this
the Creator's love for His creat
nitely surpassing their love to Hi
when in the next sentence the
out the compassionate love implar
nature, in that he is ever wont
his way to the wanderer[m]; can
in this Him Who entitled Hi
others "the Son of Man," Who lef
nine sheep in the wilderness in
wandering mankind into the wa
Or in the next thought in the s
when he speaks of *Emmdhin*

better law of love which is the fulfilling of t
commandments? Are not all heathen write
thus full of the shadows of things divine
And if so, are we to avoid discerning them
or could we avoid doing so if we wished?
well might we endeavour not to see the ima
of the Heavens in the waters that are passi
under our feet. If the sacred poet can s
that "every leaf" and "every wave in eve
brook" reminds us "of our better choice
may not the Christian student read the sam
lessons in all his studies also? Can we dou
but that God through the whole system
nature and of providence does set forth H
saving truth, giving all things a tongue
speak, if only we have a heart to understan
If the sun in his course through the heaven
not only affords life and light to all, but is
flected in every surface
image

us may the spoils of idolatrous Egypt
sh materials to adorn the tabernacle o
thus even the unrighteous Prophet
he sees afar off the Israel of God, shal
k of heavenly things: the Rahab of th
ted city shall receive within her house
s messengers: out of the carcase of the
lion shall come forth sweetness. The
men of the East shall come with their
ngs though little worthy. "Many na-
shall come from far to the name of the
God with gifts in their hands, even gifts
e King of Heaven"."
t now if we observe these things, or if it
r devout wish and study to do so, shall
ot, whether we will or no, infuse the
thoughts into others also? We may
ide God's righteousness within our heart,

an appeal to wha
of their own poets had said; and
nded his divine instructions on an occa-
of their own superstition[o]: among the
Lycaonians he argued from the witness
fruitful seasons," whereby God Himself
ht them of His superintending care and
ness[p].

it we have far higher authority than that
Apostle, even of Him who was ever, in
place and at every season, about His
her's business." Though what is written
Gospels is, we are told, but a little of
aching, yet it is abundant to shew that
the habit of our Blessed Lord, from
bject that presented itself to notice,
ery occurrence that took place, to
s illustration, and to this



Him to speak rep...
nt of filial confidence: the lilies ...
reproach him for his ostentatio...
How does the Door of the sheepfol...
Water poured out at the feast of tabe...
and the Water of the well, becom...
ed for ever in devout remembranc...
he lessons connected with them; th...
d the platter minister to holy instru...
even the words of the governor of th...
because the holy Jesus is present, b...
full of divine doctrine; the unbelievi...
phas prophesies, though he knows it no...
if man were silent, the stones would c...
and speak His praise.

urely therefore we cannot doubt, if
suggest such a thought with rever...

† St. Luke xix. 10.

f philosopher, historian, or poet
before Him and His hearers,—
ould from thence have taken occa-
rn their thoughts to things holier
. Say not that they are not worthy,
ashed His disciples' feet in order to
o their admonition, He can make
clean ; can render all things, how-
orthy, capable of conveying good
He who took up little children into
and thereby taught His disciples,
urn away even from the heathen,
hildren in knowledge, but will take
o Him in order to teach others,—

"reading" which "helps to the knowled
of the Scriptures, in distinction from t
study which is of "the world and the fles
a prohibition which surely must apply to l
then studies, of themselves, if pursued w
out reference to Scripture. Whereas they
solemnly admonished that they "apply th
selves wholly to this one thing, and draw

those whom "his Lord has made ruler over His household to give them meat in due season," and if he would be of that faithful number "whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing."

But many there are who have other claims upon them not superior to but in addition to these, such as receive a maintenance from the liberality of pious Founders, in order that they might fulfil certain duties which those holy men had most at heart. And one of the principal objects with most of them appears to have been, that of training the young as sound members of the Catholic Church, and as ministers to serve at God's altar. Now though lapse of time and circumstances of change may render the fulfilment of their wishes difficult, in the specific manner which

But whether these argument
as in particular or not, we
minded that we are Christi
short a time for the attainn
prize, that we really have
uth or manhood to spend
l not profit us at last. In c
n all things else there is t
nger, not to be overcome wit
s and prayer. To spend t
days in studies of a looser
er tone in morals than wha
st have a tendency to imp
ness of mind. Unless ou
n in these pursuits be in h
t of Scripture kindles Chri
s and principles as we proce

must he draw all his studies, if he is one of those whom "his Lord has made ruler over His household to give them meat in due season," and if he would be of that faithful number "whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing."

But many there are who have other claims upon them not superior to but in addition to these, such as receive a maintenance from the liberality of pious Founders, in order that they might fulfil certain duties which those holy men had most at heart. And one of the principal objects with most of them appears to have been, that of training the young as sound members of the Catholic Church, and as ministers to serve at God's altar. Now though lapse of time and circumstances of change may render the fulfilment of their wishes difficult, in the specific manner which such Founders have pointed out: yet this should surely make us the *more anxious* to fulfil in the spirit and intention, what we cannot do in the letter; and the circumstance of our receiving of their bounty should be considered as a sacred pledge, that we devote our time to *make men*, not more learned only, but

COINCIDENCES

WITH

REVELATION.

" TESTE DAVID CUM

COINCIDENCES

WITH

REVELATION.

" TESTE DAVID CUM SIBYLLA."

"PAUCIS MUTATIS VERBIS ATQUE SENTENT
TIANI FIERENT."

Aug. De

COINCIDENCES.

Is it as stars and blue profound
  Are imag'd in the ground,
Where waters lie beneath our feet,
  Or gather in the street [a],
That truths of Heaven their shadows find
  In man's reflective mind?

Or is it that the voice of God
  Is in the multitude,
In stillness like a casual word
  'Mid broken ruins heard,
That Faith that walks the heavenly span
  Her echo hears in man?

[a] ——"Simul ac primum sub divo splendor aquai
Ponitur, extemplo, cœlo stellante sereno,
Sidera respondent in aqua radiantia mundi." . . .
"At conlectus aquæ digitum non altior unum,
Qui lapides inter sistit per strata viarum,
Despectum præbet sub terras impete tanto,
A terris quantum cœli patet altus hiatus:
Nubila despicere, et cœlum ut videare videre, et
Corpora mirando sub terras abdita cœlo."
Lucret. iv. 214, 415.

Or that the four-fold streams below
From ancient Eden flow,
And as they gather stains abroad,
Diverging on their road,
Yet still retain beneath all skies
Something of Paradise?

Or as some simultaneous throe
Through nature seems to go,
When birds appear divinely wise
Beyond their destinies,
And all untaught in every clime

Or is it in man's nature deep
Truth's embryo forms may sleep,
As trees, which high-embow'ring shoot,
In fibres of the root;
Their miniatures there seem to lie,
Which ne'er saw sun or sky?

Or as when 'neath the vengeful skies
Ruin'd and buried lies
Some ancient City, not in vain
The relics yet remain,
And mystic pillars long may stand
Upon Oblivion's strand?

Or is the wisdom of the wise
The pedestal[b] which lies
Beneath the feet of Christian Truth,
Which there in endless youth
Reflected sees her form divine
In pavement of her shrine?

"Τὴν φιλοσοφίαν Ἕλλησιν . . . ὑποβάθραν οὖσαν
τῆς κατὰ Χριστὸν φιλοσοφίας."
Clem. Strom. vi.

Or like as when our shadows gleam
On some deep glassy stream;
Kingdoms of nature and of grace
Thus answer face to face;
Though right and left revers'd we find,
No substance true behind?

Or that the Father, from Whose home
They wander'd forth in gloom,
Still darkly with His children walk'd,
And with their spirit talk'd,
And dimly left in every place
The footmarks of His [illegible]

Or is it as dark shores of Nile
Once cradled Christ awhile,
And infant Moses safe could sleep
On that Egyptian deep,
The Law and Gospel thus were la
Beneath a pagan shade?

Or is it as when Israel's God
Was seen in Moses' rod,
The shadow of the power of Hea
Was to magicians given,
Till they, surpass'd in their own
Should own the Prince of Life!

And more than all he sought,
Appear'd the glorious Bethlehem's star
To lead him from afar?

Or is it as 'mong Prophets old
Who of things sacred told,
Before us Saul, and Caiaphas,
And wicked Balaam pass;
Who while the good they set aside
Christ's kingdom prophesied?

Or as through that Divine command
Which guided Pilate's hand,
All nations on that hallow'd spot,
Although they knew it not,
Their King on Sion's hill enthron'd
In Greek and Latin own'd?

Christ's going ever shrouds,
Where He hath pass'd upon the night
There is a track of light,
And 'mid the dark-blue vault serene
A lucid gleam is seen?

Or is it as on Tabor's height,
When broke forth wondrous light,
Frail sons of men in nearness brought,
The glorious radiance caught,
Thus in the Gospel's light Divine
E'en heathen sages shine?

Or is it thus the wilderness,
Forgetting her distress,
Can bloom like garden of the Lord,
Like Eden fruits afford:
The fountain in the desert flows,
The thistle bears the rose?

Wherein the merchant spent
  Through that long night's turmoil,
The pearl of endless price to gain
  Still seeking though in vain?

Or is it as the gleams that fall
  On the lost Prodigal,
On his disfigur'd face appear
  His homeward course to cheer,
The Father hastening from His place
  With His preventing grace?

Or is it as 'mid deserts dry
  The solitary cry
Of the lost sheep, when heard aright
  In stillness of the night,
By the good Shepherd from of old
  Heard in the distant fold?

It is that the true God of Heaven,
By fruitful seasons given,
Ne'er of His light mankind bereft,
Nor without witness left;
But as in nature's course around
His voices did abound,
So was His witness heard within,
Pleading with man and sin,
And ever blending precepts high,
Which never more shall die.

CLASSICAL COMPLAINTS

AND

SCRIPTURAL REMEDIES.

HE LEAVES OF THE TREE WERE FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS."

"IN VALLEM ÆGERIÆ DESCENDIMUS, ET SPELUNCA
DISSIMILES VERIS."

Wherein myself I view,
As there from sin to sin I pass,
An image sad and true.

And since that now to manhood grown
I bear no goodly sign,
Hath God's displeasure o'er me gone,
I hasten to decline.

"We all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image."
2 Cor. iii. 18.

But in another glass I scan,
Hiding His heavenly rays,
The image of the Son of Man,
And kindle as I gaze.

In deepest sense of my desert
Thus daily let me die,
If so I may but touch the skirt
Of His great charity!

[a] "Time, like a youthful maiden, holds his glass,
And shews forth evil men."

V "Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis ?"

Hor. Od. i. xxiv.

If I forget thee for awhile
Then, like some mournful strain,
Thine image seems to chide my smile
And o'er me comes again.

O'er each still hour it comes from far,
With thoughts of childish years,
Reflected, like a heavenly star,
In the deep fount of tears.

"Concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow n
as others which have no hope."

1 Thess. iv.

That fount of tears it hidden lies
[illegible] breast.

III.

"Οὐδὲ παῖς εὐδαίμων ἐστίν· οὔπω γὰρ πρακτικὸς τῶν τοιούτων· οἱ δὲ λεγόμενοι, διὰ τὴν ἐλπίδα μακαρίζονται[c]."

Arist. Eth. i. 9.

Still Virtue labours mid the sky
To set her citadel,
Where visitants may come from high,
And Contemplation dwell.

She climbs; hill rises after hill,
The sun seems to alight
Ever before, but distant still
It sinks, and leaves to night.

---

[c] "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid

"Quæ caput e cœli regionibus ostendebat,
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans."
Lucret. i. 65.

Religion clad in storms of yore
Unveil'd her awful mien,
And in dread lightnings oped the door
Of the eternal scene.

Sad shades and shapes were there reveal'd
In dismal vision clear,
While conscious Guilt the pencil held,
And dark-portending Fear.

"Mercy and truth are met together . . . . and Righteousness
hath looked down from Heaven."
Ps. lxxxv. 10, 11.

But Abram saw his children throng
[illegible] at night

V.

"Immortalia ne speres monet annus et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem e."

Hor., lib. iv. Od. vii. 7.

Yes, years, days, hours, that wave their wing
Through this our mortal span,
With changes on each outward thing,
And in the heart of man,

As with a thousand tongues they preach
No more, so frail and vain,
To build upon a sandy beach,
Where nothing can remain.

"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

Ps. lxxiii. 25.

Yet why do these so fleet appear
And wake the heart's deep sigh,
But that within a spark we bear
Of immortality?

With multitudinous voice they cry
For some more sure abode,
To labour everlastingly,
That we may dwell with God.

e "Immortal things are out of reach,
Years, days, and hours this lesson teach."

Hor., lib. i. Od. [illegible]

The darkest cloud that marks below
  Misfortune's alter'd scene,
Is in affection's changing brow,
  And cold averted mien.

Then friends depart, and by and bye,
  All one by one are gone,
Like swallows from a wintry sky,
  And we are left alone.

"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."
Is. xlix. 15.

[illegible] that draws more near

. . . Lavicana ad Fanum Quietis g."
Liv., b. iv. ch. 41.

Rest had no place amid that throng,
Where multitudinous rise
Rome's stately temples, which belong
To evil deities.

Her Temple is without the gate,
Beyond the Esquiline;
No Rest but is beyond the state
Wherein the dead recline.

'ome unto Me, all ye that travail and are heavy laden;
and I will give you rest."
S. Matt. xi. 28.

ıy the gold-paved streets Divine
y meek obedience trod,
Rest is as the inmost shrine
city of our God

Τὸ δὲ προπηλακιζόμενον ἀνέχεσθαι, ἀνδραποδῶ

Arist. Eth.

Revenge inspires the poet's song,
And decks the warrior's brow,
When Nature's self doth plead the wrong,
And Justice deals the blow.

Retaliation is the plea
Which human judgment arms,
E'en own'd by stern philosophy,
And clothed with awful charms.

"Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again.

1 Pet.

[illegible] is a fairer righteousness

IX.

"Τὸν φιλέοντα φιλεῖν, καὶ τῷ προσίοντι προσεῖναι
Καὶ δόμεν ὅς κεν δῷῃ, καὶ μὴ δόμεν ὅς κεν μὴ δῷῃ."
Hesiod, Works and Days, b. i. l. 3.

Self is the centre whence around
Such love and bounty flows,—
Self whose horizon there doth bound
This universe of woes.

But all that's built on self alone
With man's own self must fail,
All that to human sense is known,
And fills our vision frail.

"But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again."

Cuncta festinat manus, nunc et mane
Cursitant *k*."

Hor., lib. iv. Od. xi. 6, 9.

When men unto some honour'd guest
Would open wide their gate,
They bring around and manifest
Their riches, power, and state.

That such their welcome may discern
As in a mirror bright,
See all things fair at every turn,
And costly to their sight.

"To-day I must abide at thy house." .... "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor."

S. Luke xix. 5, 8.

Who wish the Lord of earth and skies
Should enter at their door,

XI.

"Τὸν φιλέοντ' ἐπὶ δαῖτα καλεῖν . . .
Τὸν δὲ μάλιστα καλεῖν ὅστις σέθεν ἐγγύθι ναίει[1]."

Hesiod, Works and Days, b. i. l. 339.

Such is the wisdom of the wise
Their fellow-men above,
Which brings around home-charities,
Delighting in their love.

But self is thus reflected seen,
Of earth is its reward,
Though purest of the joys of sight,
And best it can afford.

---

[1] When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor

"Ἐλευθερίου δέ ἐστι σφόδρα καὶ τὸ ὑπερβάλλειν
ἐν τῇ δοσει [m]." Arist. Eth. iv.

To give away and nothing leave
Is like the sun to shine;
For it is human to receive,
But to bestow divine:—

Thus reason'd well the sage; but then
Howe'er can bounty live,
And grow in living progress, when
It nothing hath to give?

"I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in
they all." S. Luke

Come, bring the scales wherein are we
The actions of the just,
shall be open laid,

coctum generoso pectus [illegible]
admoveam templis, et farre litabo n."
Pers. ii. 73.

n argued not amiss—
he all-seeing eyes,
:self the altar is
which sanctifies.

f hands and the pure heart
st sacrifice,
d work of labour'd art
a cherish'd price.

---

fer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that
which doth cost me nothing."
2 Sam. xxiv.

was the offering raised
ly Magdalene;
e gift the Judge hath praised
[illegible]

" Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi o."

Juv. iii. 165.

The Satirist in Rome's decline
Made this our world the stage
Of Virtue, there to walk and shine
In glitt'ring pilgrimage.

The world for all of mortal birth
Doth still this judgment hold,
And puts aside as nothing worth
What is not set in gold.

" Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.'

S. Luke vi. 20.

But He who for a holier place
Would cleanse our path from sin,
For habitation of His grace

XV.

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit p."
Juv. iii. 152.

The bitterest cup in all life's ills
  Is poverty and want;—
The bitterest drop that cup that fills
  Is the world's jeer and taunt.

The barb most rankling in the breast
  Is scorn and ridicule,
Although to be of one the jest,
  Whom God hath deem'd a fool q.

"Libido pereundi et perdendi r.··

Liv. Pra

"Men cannot their own vices bear,
Nor bear their remedies :"
Alas, that we such things should hear
Beneath the pitying skies!

To breathe of Heaven the genial breath,
To walk in Christian light,
And yet to be in love with death,—
O wondrous, awful sight!

"Ofttimes it hath cast him into the fire, and into the
destroy him; but, if Thou canst do any thing, have c
on us."

S. M

With man—'tis madness, sense-bereft,
Destroying and destroy'd;

κᾷ λόγον· τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ,
βῆναι κεῖθεν ὅθεν περ ἥκει
πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα."

Soph. Œd. Col. 1225.

Oh yes, if what this world can give
  Were all our destiny,
Indeed 'twere better not to live,
  Or being born to die.

And I too from the eternal sleep
  Woke to this world of strife,
Could like a Thracian mother weep
  O'er this poor gift of life.

"She remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world."

S. John xvi. 21.

But on thy face, my little one,
  There is a drop of dew,
[illegible] from the everlasting Sun

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
Virg. Georg.

The glory of our days is past,
A light which was on things;—
The thousand brilliant hues she cast
As Childhood waved her wings.

The light without—within is o'er—
The bloom—the undefiled—
To be—oh, never, never more,
The happy—happy child!

"His flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall
the days of his youth."
Job:

There is a happier childhood still,

So spake the sire of Grecian song;—
Through each succeeding age
The words are caught and borne along
By poet, saint, and sage.

"Behold the fig-tree and all the trees, when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand."

S. Luke xxi. 29.

The parable of Autumn's tale
Before us open lies,
We feel, alas, how fast we fail;—
Yet dim our hope to rise—

And it required a Saviour's voice
To read aright the Spring;—
That faith with nature might rejoice
When brush'd by Winter's wing.

"Αἶ, αἶ, ταὶ μαλάχαι μὲν ἐπὰν κατὰ κᾶπον ὅλ

Moech. Epit. in Bion. v

"Ah, mallows in the garden die,
Parsley, and blooming dill,
Yet waken'd by the vernal sky
Again their course fulfil.

While we, the wise, the strong, the brav
Have no fresh spring in store;
But silent in the hollow grave
Sleep on for evermore."

"Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy d
as the dew of herbs."

Is. x

XXI.

"Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν."
Hom. Il. vi. 146.

"Men fade like leaves" that drop away
Beneath the parent shade,
Others again succeed, but they
Are in oblivion laid.

So spake the sire of Grecian song;—
Through each succeeding age
The words are caught and borne along
By poet, saint, and sage.

"Behold the fig-tree and all the trees, when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh hand."

Crescam laude recens."
Hor., lib. iii. Od. xxx

Epigram on the grave of Sophocles.

"Gently above the silent grave
Where Sophocles doth sleep,
Soft Ivy, let thy green leaves wave,
Around it gently creep.

There let the blooming Rose arise,
And branching Vine find place,
For honey-sweet, fair-worded, wise,
He blends both Muse and Grace."

"All the glory of man is as the flower of grass. The
eth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the wo
endureth for ever."
1 Pe

A churchyard was all wrapt in gloom

...ους, μηλα, σέλινα, πίτυς ε.
Archias. Gr. Epig.

When Greece was all-contending seen
For an Olympic prize,
A little branch of wintry green
Exalted to the skies.

The human breast thus well divin'd
When all mankind shall strive,
That nought can fill the immortal mind
Of all the world can give.

"They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible."
1 Cor. ix. 25.

But even while it fades and dies,
That long-enduring leaf
Speaks of an amaranth—

"Nam veluti Pueri trepidant atque o
In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luce
Luc

"As children fear the dark, and
All dreadful things therein;
Through life thus empty terror
Still haunt the man within.

Yet not the sun's bright arrow
Can chase those fears away,
But in the soul the clear Seren
Of intellectual Day."

"When I was a child . . . I thought as a chi
I became a man I put away childish t

XXV.

"Neque quem nobis divisitus ess
Naturam mundi, quæ tanta est

But who of aught can judge
Unless ye see the whole;
Or circumscribe the Infinite
Within the human soul?

Or if in all this worldly shov
Such imperfection reigns,
Who gave to man a soul to l
The faults which he disda

"Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῳ,
Ἢ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένοισιν ἀνάσσειν
Hom. Od. xi. 488, 490

So doth man's sinful nature deem
With ill-foreboding gloom,
And strays as in a fearful dream
In realms beyond the tomb.

For want, disgrace, and servitude
Seem nothing in that hour,
When Death's huge pinions o'er us broo
We feel his chilling power.

"Then He is gracious unto him, and saith, Deliver him going down to the pit, I have found a ransom."
Job xxxiii. 2

Like Ocean rocking pole to pole

"Τὸν δὲ μετ', εἰσενόησα βίην Ἡραι
Εἴδωλον· αὐτὸς δὲ μετ' ἀθανάτοισ
Ho

Thus even to good Homer then
A better hope was given,
A brighter vision broke again
Of Hercules in Heaven.

But yet that hope was wan and
As moon-beams in the storm ;
While from heaven's face the sh
Which clouds again deform.

"Having a desire to depart and to be
which is far better."

When Death our sins hath oper
And Light makes manifest,
Then, Rock of Ages, in Thy sha
Thy chosen ones find rest.

Until Thy Presence for our sha
A sheltering robe shall prove ;
And Thy redeem'd releas'd from
Shall mirror all Thy love.

a "I saw the shade of Hercules be
He was himself among the go

EATHEN ORACLES CONFESSING CHRIST.

ONA CURIOSITATE ET MAJORE LONGE MEMORIA OPUS
D STUDENDUM, SI QUIS VELIT EX LITERIS RECEP-
IIS QUIBUSQUE PHILOSOPHORUM, VEL POETARUM,
UORUMLIBET DOCTRINÆ AC SAPIENTIÆ SECULARIS
TRORUM TESTIMONIA EXCERPERE CHRISTIANÆ
ATIS."

Tertullian, De Test. Animæ.

"AMISSA DRACHMA REGIO
RECONDITA EST ÆRARIO;
ET GEMMA, DETERSO LUTO,
NITORE VINCIT SIDERA."

Rom. Brev. Mar. Mag.

"PRIMUS SAPIENTIÆ GRADUS EST FALSA INTI
SECUNDUS, VERA RECOGNOSCERE."

Lactantius, De fals. Rel., lib. i. ca

I.

"—τῆς ἄγαν γάρ ἐστί που σιγῆς βάρος [a]."
Soph. Antig. 1256.

When human words are found too weak
Some dreadful weight of woe to speak,
The poet drops his oar and sail,
And Silence bids to tell the tale.

Dido, Jocasta, Creon's wife
Entangled in a mortal strife,
In silence hide the desperate will,
And in a thunder-cloud are still.

"I held my tongue, and spake nothing: I kept silence."
Is. xxxix. 3.

The loudest thunder hath no tongue
More dread than is this stillness long,
Which seems to wrap all nature round,
Awaiting the last Trumpet's sound.

Such noiseless foot-falls, stillness-shod,
Which now attend the ways of God,
Sound deeper than the outward sense,
With a strange awful eloquence.

[a] "*Something* momentous in great silence lies."

"Πόθος καὶ κακῶν ἄρ' ἦν τις.
καὶ γὰρ ὁ μηδαμὰ δὴ φίλον, ην φίλ
ὁπότε γε καὶ τὸν ἐν χεροῖν κατεῖχο

Œd. Co

Antigone, that gentle guide
By her blind father's aged side,
Guiding his feeble steps aright,
Like morning star with sable night.

That tragic page, affection's child,
Her Presence lights, serene and mild;
In duteous love she found repose,
And thus spoke sweetly at its close.

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities . . . . in di
for Christ's sake."

2 Cor.

For them who on the steps of time
Shall with the "Man of Sorrows" clin

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ."

Rev. xi. 15.

What men call freedom here on earth
I ever thought of little worth;
The angels with their King above
Know of no liberty but love.

Kings' rule is nature's own behest,
God's own vicegerence manifest;
Which all around a people brings
The anointing of the King of kings.

c "*Of forms of* government, the kingly is the best." And see *Hom. Il. ii. 205.*

"Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas d."
Hor. O

Why in the shades of ancient Rome
Did Empire make her wondrous hom
So deep her strong foundations cast,
With power that lingers to the last?

It is that to the Roman tongue
A mystic word there did belong,
Which changeful Greece could ne'er s
That word of power is "Piety."

"Length of days is in her right hand; and in her
riches and honour."
Prov

The kingdom of the imperial Czar

It is that such of iron nerve,
That takes its post and will not swerve,
Shadows that Faith whose fearless form
Walks on the waves and treads the storm.

"Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the Law."
Josh. i 7.

Give me the spirit brave and bold
The stormy kingdom's helm to hold,
The praise of man behind him cast
Who looks right onward to the last.

Who, train'd by Christ in Wisdom's school,
Is by the world esteem'd a fool:
Set at the helm this statesman true,
And I the storm would brave with you.

e "A mighty danger to control
Admits not of a craven soul."

"'Εχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεινος ομως Αιοαο πυλῃσι
'Ος χ' ἕτερον μέν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ
Hom. Il. ix. 3

So spake Achilles,—'twas a gem
The brightest in his diadem,
To whom the Poet had assign'd
Noble divinity of mind.

Falsehood is mark of his disguise
Who is the father of all lies,
Though oft its craven wing may broo
Beneath a warlike attitude.

"All liars shall have their part in the lake which b
with fire and brimstone."
Rev.

The mirror of all youthful grace
Is seen in the transparent face.

"Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which bel
Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged ab
neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."
S. Matt. xviii.

A father would his son should be
Swallowed in the unfathom'd sea
Rather than harbour thoughts unclean,
As they who walk this worldly scene.

Or, if by passing from this sphere
He might to Christ be brought more near,
Then would he die to keep him pure,
If father's love might that secure.

"Let nought that is impure to eye or ear
E'er touch the threshold where there is a boy."

" ——Μελαντειχέα νῦν δόμον
Φερσεφόνας ἴθι, Ἀχοῖ."

Pind. Ol. xi

Thus spake the Theban bard divine,—
"To black-wall'd house of Proserpine,
Sweet nymph that dwell'st in airy cell,
Echo, go forth, the tidings tell.

"There Cleodamus shalt thou meet,
And bid him know, in Pisa's seat
His son is crown'd, and stands on high,
Clad with the wings of victory."

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repe

S. Luk

'Tis better far to keep a friend
Where there is life that hath no end."

When death on friendship sets his seal,
Past good and ill we trembling feel,
They come forth and before us stand
As written by an Angel's hand.

"They shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."
S. Matt. viii. 11.

When we have hence departed, then
We shall be with our fellow-men,
Which now conceal'd behind the veil
Watch this our life and being frail.

No better wisdom can we learn
Than their unfailing love to earn,
And look on all things with the eyes
Of those unearthly companies.

a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From hence-
d are the dead which die in the Lord; for they rest from
rs, and their works do follow them."

Rev. xiv. 13.

leath, our nature's worst distress,
lf is highest blessedness,
be register'd on high
deeds of duteous piety.

that state nearest they draw nigh
elf-denying deeds who die;
earthly pleasures dispossess'd
en mortified they are at rest.

When stars were thronging heaven's blue arch
On their serene majestic march,
Then gazing on Night's face severe
The heathen heard this voice of fear,—

If all those beauteous orbs of light
Are brought to view by silent Night,
The light of life may from our eyes
Hide greater things that fill the skies.

"When I was a child . . I understood as a child . . . For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face."
1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12.

Mysterious Childhood, on thy ways
With wonder and with awe we gaze,
So small the horizon which around
Doth all thy little knowledge bound.

Thou art a mirror here below,
Compar'd with what the wisest know,
Of what this scene of night and day
Shall be to those that leave this clay.

"Ὅσσα δὲ μὴ πεφιλῆκε
Ζεὺς, ἀτύζονται βοὰν
Πιερίδων ἀΐοντα."

Pind. Pyth. 1. 24

Sweet and entrancing was that song
Which Pindar paints the heavens among;
Which held the gods in ecstasy,
And clos'd in sleep the eagle's eye.

"That melody whose sound to hear
Fills every guilty soul with fear,
Whom the great Father doth not love,
Through earth, sea, hell, or skies above."

"And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their har
and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.

Rev. xiv. 2,

XIII.

"Ἡ δὲ μεθωδήγησεν, ἀπὸ στέρνων προφέρουσα
Μάζον, τὸν λιμοῦ ῥύτορα καὶ θανατού."

Epigr. Leon. Alex.

As on the cliff her infant steals
No sound a mother's heart reveals;
He on the verge that looks from high
Creeps in unconscious infancy.

Yet still no voice, no sound is heard,
She utters not one warning word,
But drawing near, and watching there,
She leans, and lays her bosom bare.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . . Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget."

κάλλος, καὶ πλοῦτος, καὶ ἰσχὺς σώματος, και ξι
νεια ἐρρωμένη ἐν πόλει, καὶ πάντα τὰ τούτων οἰκε

Plato. De Rep. lib. v

Such sayings come from East and West
And in Christ's kingdom find their rest;
Such wisdom speaks in Gentile lands,
And to Christ's truth a witness stands;—

Like that Centurion's voice they come,—
While 'mid the darkness and the gloom
Beneath the Cross his watch he trod,—
"This is indeed the Son of God."

"All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lu
the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father."

1 John ii.

For well we know whatever shines
Where the Sun rises and declines,
[illegible] of Paradise.

"Τἀγαθὸν δὲ οἰκεῖόν τι καὶ δυσαφαίρετον εἶναι μαντευόμεθα[b]."

Arist. Eth. lib. i. ch. v.

That great, essential, only Good,
For ever sought, ne'er understood,
For which man's nature ever pines,
Of which within his heart divines;—

Divines aright, howe'er possess'd,
That it must be our perfect rest,
True and intrinsic, which alone
Can ne'er be lost, *our very own.*

"There be many that say, Who will shew us any good? Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

Ps. iv. 6.

We know not where that Good may dwell;

[redacted]

"Ὅστις οὖν μὴ οἰοῶσι οἰκην, ἀοικων, ἡκειν ἀθλίῳ εἶναι διαφερόντως τῶν θρώπων[1]."

Socrates in Plato's

So spake the Sage, whose eagle ken
Was cleans'd beyond all heathen mei
Who laid his hand upon the key
Which opes divine philosophy.

He saw that while an Ocean strife
Coils and embroils this nether life,
A golden net upon each hand
Was drawing to a heavenly strand.

---

[1] "He that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased

Yet knew he not that mystic Sign
Which suffering clothes with streng

XVII.

"Οἶμαι δὲ καὶ τοὺς πολλοὺς εἶναι τού
δειγμάτων τοὺς ἐκ τυράννων καὶ βασιλ
των."

When classic sage or bard are
To paint the places of the dea
They make the rich and great
Chief sufferers in eternity.

Nor is this mere the impress
From that old democratic les
To which unquiet Greece ga
Against the princes of the e

"Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi m."

Hor

The sins of kings their people bear,
As the primeval curse we share:
And haply God through evil kings
His judgments on a people brings.

By one another's sins around
Mysteriously we are thus bound;
And there descends throughout all time
A chain of penalty and crime.

"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, obedience of one shall many be made righteous."

Rom. v.

Such complication on us lies
Of endless sympathetic ties,

XIX.

"Tum Africanus . . Si tibi parva (ut est) ita videtur, hæc cœlestia semper spectato n."

The Dream of Scipio.

Thus Roman conquerors could climb
Above the things of earth and time,
Forgetting human hopes and fears
Amid the music of the spheres:—

Advancing into converse high
Of goodness, truth, and piety,
And of a place to spirits given
In Plato's tranquil seats of heaven.

"Not many mighty, not many noble are called."

1 Cor. i. 29.

How is it now the world
Men of

Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus o."
Virg. Æn. vi. 1

The sparks ascend, and one by one
Extinguish'd are in smoke and gone:
In stedfast course a few arise
Borne upward to congenial skies.

'Mid paynim nations some were seen,
With strong presentiment serene,
Heavenward to hold a tranquil light,
Till they had pass'd from human sight.

"Knowledge shall be increased .... But none of the
shall understand."
Dan. xii. 4

Christ's shadow now on us remains
And covers o'er the Gentile's stains,
[illegible] His fourfold Robes divides.

"Rari quippe boni, numero vix sunt totidem quot Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili p."

Juv. xiii. 27.

When 'mid those friends we cherish'd long
We find the world at heart is strong,
With heavy sickness at the soul
We doubt if aught attains the goal.

A remnant in all times and few
Are they who walk with heaven in view;
In the dark vale few gleams appear,
Thus hope is purified by fear.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

S. Matt. xxii. 14.

'Tis dark, and stars like living eyes
Look from their houses with surprise,

"Θεὸς, ἐπίτροπος ε-
ὼν, τεαῖσι μήδεται,
Εχων τοῦτο κῆδος, Ἱέρων
Μερίμναισιν."

Pind. Ol. i. 173.

"A God keeps watch o'er thee alone,
And makes thy cares to be His own,
As kindred watch o'er kindred dear;"—
Thus Pindar spake in kingly ear.

"Carior est illis homo quam sibi."

Juv. x. 3

Still brighter did this golden theme
Upon Rome's later poet gleam,
That "dearer to the gods is he
Than man unto himself can be."

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for y

1 Pet. v

"Δόξειε δ' ἂν ὁ τοιοῦτος εἶναι φίλαυτος· ἀπονέμει γὰρ ἑαυτῷ τὰ κάλλιστα καὶ μάλιστα ἀγαθὰ, καὶ χαρίζεται ἑαυτοῦ τῷ κυριωτάτῳ ᾗ."

Arist. Eth. ix. 8.

Who going forth from his own door
Opes wide his hand unto the poor,
He mercy shews to his own soul,
He loves true life—his being whole.

He who his lower self denies
His higher life doth mostly prize:
And no one to himself is kind
Who harbours an unfeeling mind.

"Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

S. Matt. xvi. 25.

Thus he himself doth mostly love
Who mostly loveth God above;

"Οἱ δ' εὐεργέται τοὺς εὐεργετηθέντας δοκοῦ
λον φιλεῖν, ἢ οἱ εὖ παθόντες τοὺς δράσαντας."
Arist. Eth. i

The Sage of that Socratic school
Who laid out Wisdom's chart by rule,
Said, by its deeds Love forms and grow
Thus Love back to its fountain flows.

"Proprium odisse quem læseris."
Tac. Agri

The Historian stern of Rome's decay
Survey'd the dregs of that dark day,
And reason'd well—that deeds of ill
Their parent breast with hatred fill.

"You, that were enemies in your mind by wicked
yet now hath He reconciled."
Co

XXV.

"Novissima in luce desideravere aliquid oculi tui?"
Tac. Agric. 45.

More than he meant his sorrows spoke,—
Of one 'neath death's bereaving stroke
Whose eyes in love's last longings stray
To seek those dearer far away.

From all it sees the mind will turn
For something unbeheld to yearn,
Familiar objects all explore,
Then seem to ask for something more.

"The eye is not satisfied with seeing."
Eccl. i. 8.

e infant's

Εμοὶ δὲ αἱ σαὶ μέγαλαι εὐτυχίαι οὐκ ἀρεσκο[illegible]νσι, ἶον ἐπιστάμενῳ ὡς ἐστὶ φθόνερον[1]."

Herod. b. iii. 40.

From age to age the Heathen saw
One ever fix'd unvaried law,
' Mid change and chance to man allow'd,
That God doth overthrow the proud.

They saw the effect, knew not the cause,
For God from sight His hand withdraws,
Assigning love's unfathom'd plan
To *envy* as of sinful man.

"God resisteth the proud."

1 Pet. v 5.

— Cross mysterious unlocks all,—
[illegible] and small,

"Ὁ Κροῖσος πέμπων τὰς πέδας ἐπὶ [illegible]
οὐδὸν ἦ."

Herod. b. i. ch. 90.

"If Crœsus pass the Halys, know
He shall an empire overthrow."
He pass'd the Halys, lost his throne,
And found that empire was his own.

Sought with much gold at Delphi's cell
So spake the guileful oracle;—
Thus fiends will truth with falsehood blend
To lead men to some evil end.

"For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."

2 Thess. ii. 11.

Those shrines are silent, yet again
[illegible] deceive 'mid ways of men,

"Ἦλυθε, καὶ πίεν αἷμα κελαινεφές· αὐτίκα δ' ἔγνω"
Hom. Od. xi. 152.

The dead in Hades' dark domain
Flock'd round the hero, but in vain,
Weak, senseless shadows, dead in soul,
Without all power, or life's controul:—

Till there was given mysterious food
The taste of sacrifice and blood,
The wandering shade was then made strong,
Restor'd to thought, and sight, and tongue.

"As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water."
Zech. ix. 11

"Would I," said Job, "could find His place,
That I might meet Him face to face,

XXIX.

" Καὶ Τιτυὸν εἶδον, Γαίης ἐρικυδέος υἱὸν,
κείμενον ἐν δαπέδῳ. ὁ δ' ἐπ' ἐννέα κεῖτο πέλεθρα."

Hom. Od. xi. 575.

Plato in realms beyond the tomb
Speaks of a dread Tartarean gloom,
And bodies of the suffering dead
Together bound, hands, feet and head.

And Homer paints in Stygian chains
Tantalian and Sisyphian pains;
And Tityus on nine acres laid,
While vultures on his liver prey'd.

"Ζεὺς πάντων αὐτὸς φάρμακα μοῦνος ἔχει*."

Simonides.

Such was the rest, Simonides,
Wherein thy tender heart found ease;
A heart which most feels human woes,
Mostly beneath them finds repose:—

That 'mid the ways by sorrow trod
Healing of all ills is with God;—
And haply by some power to save,
A remedy beyond the grave.

"Thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help."

Hos. xiii. 9.

For all the pains the body shake,
For all the woes the spirit break,
For all the lesser ills of life,—

"Ἐλπεσθαι χρὴ πάντ', ἐπεὶ οὐκ ἔστ' οὐδὲν ἀέλπτον.
Ῥᾴδια πάντα θεῷ τελέσαι, καὶ ἀνήνυτον οὐδέν." Linus.

"All things 'tis right for man to hope,
"Nothing beyond hope's boundless scope,
"For all the God can do full well,
"Nothing to Him impossible."

Linus, to whom such words were given,
Well might they feign thee born of Heaven;
Son of Urania, Goddess bright,
Or of Apollo, God of light.

"If ye have faith . . . . . nothing shall be impossible unto y[e]
S. Matt. xvii. 20.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

Vetus Prov.

Wondrous the things of giant birth
That range the sea—the air—the earth;
But mightier powers for ill or good
Work by an insect multitude.

Great deeds of Martyrdom and Grace
As marvels fill all time and space;
But deeds and thoughts of hourly range
Work transformation's endless change.

"Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of Judgment."

S. Matt. xii. 36.

XXXIII.

"Εὖ γὰρ χρὴ εἰδέναι, ὅ τι
γέγηται οἷον δεῖ ἐν τοιαύτῃ κ
θεοῦ μοῖραν αὐτὸ σῶσαι λέγων,
T

Thus ever struggling with t
And nigh o'erwhelm'd the
Beyond all human aid they
And see and own a heaven

It was so amid them of old
Though better hopes have
Yet even now as then of yo
We are at sea and not on s

"Ὅταν παράδοξον ᾖ, καὶ μὴ πρὸς τὴν ἔμπροσθεν ξαν, ὥσπερ ἐν τοῖς γελοίοις."

Arist. Rhet., lib. iii. 11.

The *laugh* to man alone is given,
For differences of earth and heaven
Are found alone in man's estate,
So little yet withal so great.

Angels above, and beasts below
Ne'er in themselves such contrasts know;
For nought doth in their natures dwell
Incongruous, unsuitable.

"Wherefore did Sarah laugh?"

Gen. xviii. 13.

[illegible] indeed

GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

"Τάχα δὲ καὶ προηγουμένως τοῖς Ἕλλησιν ἐδόθη τότε, (scil. ἡ φιλοσοφία) πρὶν ἢ τὸν Κύριον καλέσαι καὶ τοὺς Ἕλληνας· ἐπαιδαγώγει γὰρ καὶ αὐτὴ τὸ Ἑλληνικὸν, ὡς ὁ νόμος τοὺς Ἑβραίους, εἰς Χριστόν. Προπαρασκευάζει τοίνυν ἡ φιλοσοφία, προοδοποιοῦσα τὸν ὑπὸ Χριστοῦ τελειούμενον."

Clem. Strom., lib. i. c. 5.

"PHILOSOPHI AUTEM QUI VOCANTUR, SI QUA FORTE VERA ET FIDEI NOSTRA ACCOMMODATA DIXERUNT, MAXIME PLATONICI, NON SOLUM FORMIDANDA NON SUNT, SED AB EIS ETIAM, TANQUAM INJUSTIS POSSESSORIBUS, IN USUM NOSTRUM VINDICANDA."

Aug. De Doc. Chr., lib. ii. ch. 1.

THE DEMON OF SOCRATES.

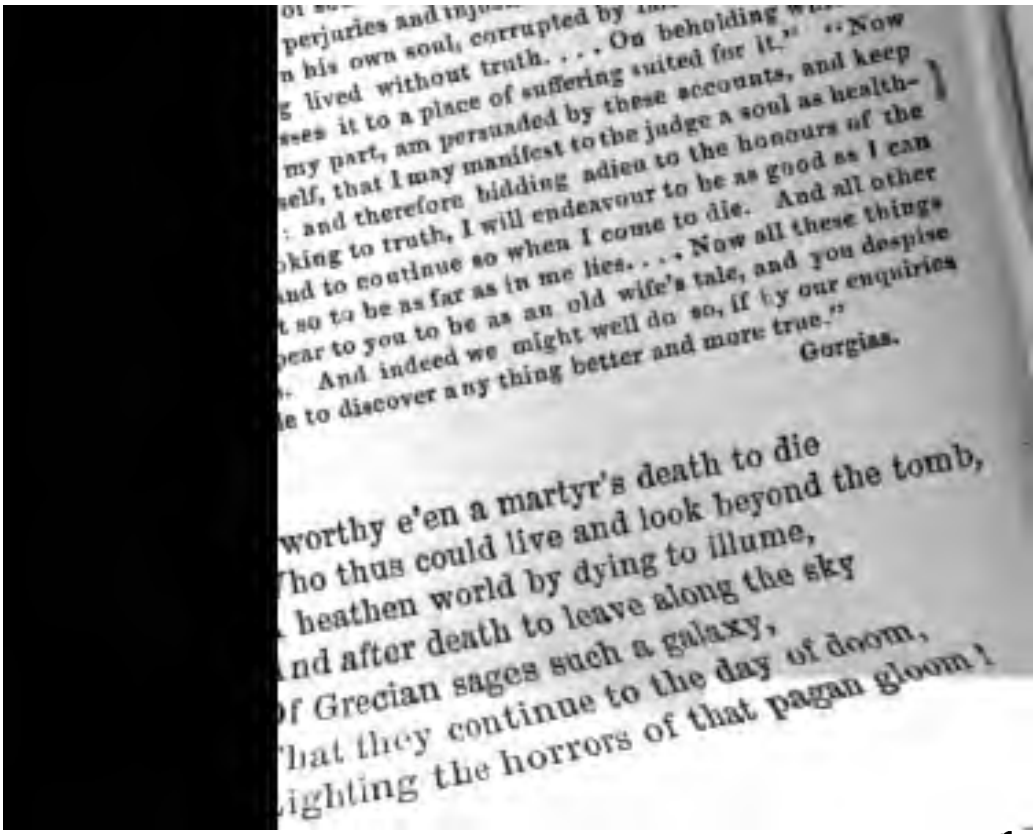
"The reason of this is what you have often heard me speak of, the God or spirit,—a certain voice which has come to me from a child."

Apolog. Soc.

From age to age descends the honied store
Of that old man who dwelt Hymettus nigh[a],
Himself the rock of sweet philosophy,
Though nothing he hath left of letter'd lore.
I ask not what that unseen monitor
Which check'd him when of evil aught was by,
Yet left him free to suffer and to die;—
Whether some phrase mysterious, and no more
Than Heaven's protection and its peace serene,
Or allegoric parable,—or nought
But conscience thus embodied in his thought,—
Or haply some good angel-friend unseen,
Or more:—but I would ask not, for to thee
It speaks, my soul, a dread reality.

[a] —"dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto."

Juv. xiii.


perjuries and inju
n his own soul, corrupted by
g lived without truth. . . . On beholding
sses it to a place of suffering suited for it." "Now
my part, am persuaded by these accounts, and keep
self, that I may manifest to the judge a soul as health-
; and therefore bidding adieu to the honours of the
oking to truth, I will endeavour to be as good as I can
nd to continue so when I come to die. And all other
t so to be as far as in me lies. . . . Now all these things
ear to you to be as an old wife's tale, and you despise
. And indeed we might well do so, if by our enquiries
e to discover any thing better and more true."
Gorgias.

worthy e'en a martyr's death to die
Who thus could live and look beyond the tomb,
heathen world by dying to illume,
nd after death to leave along the sky
f Grecian sages such a galaxy,
That they continue to the day of doom,
ighting the horrors of that pagan gloom!

[illegible] on the Man of Sorrows gaze!
How would that sight have lit and cheer'd t
ways!
For all-divinely didst thou speak e'en then
Of Truth, that had "no form nor comeliness,"
In tortures and in death from hands of men [b].

[b] De Rep., b. ii.

SOCRATES REFUSING TO ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

"If thou injurest us," I think I hear the Laws saying to me, "thou injurest us, we shall be angry with thee during life, and aft death our sisters, the Laws which are in the unseen world, will n receive thee kindly, knowing that thou hast done what in thee l to destroy us. Therefore be not persuaded by Crito, but by us."

"Now such, my dear friend Crito, are the things which I seem hear, as they who act the Corybantes imagine that they hear mu cal pipes; and as for myself the din of these things is so loud in mi ears, as to render me incapable of hearing anything else besides."

Crito.

Sleeping and waking didst thou seem to hear
The melodies of that angelic chime,
Which ever sound beyond the sea of time,
So pure Philosophy had charm'd thine ear,
And deaden'd to the noise of this low sphere;
Nothing to hear but the sweet sound sublime
Of heavenly Laws, which from the ethereal clime

"And now the parts about his heart were becoming cold, when uncovering himself, for he had a mantle thrown over him, he spake these words, which were the last that he uttered, 'O Crito, said he, 'we owe a cock to Esculapius. Now repay this, and see you neglect it not.'"

Phædon.

Thus Death spake out as from a sacred shrine,
Or from an haven where all sorrows cease.
With life he bore as with a long disease,
Resign'd to meet its ills with look benign,
And arguing, with presentiment divine,
That there may be in death a sure release,
To those who strive the Great Unseen to please
In ways of truth and godly discipline.
When now the poisonous draught 'gan to prevail
Upon his vitals, and to seize his breath,
Mysteriously, as from an oracle,
Yet confidently he spake of *Health* in Death,
That hope's long-cherish'd promise doth not fail,
But with *the great Physician* All is Well.

"Pythagoras, the son of Mnesarchus, appears to have ent
thoughts concerning the One God worthy of his sojourn in
Just. Mart. Cohort. ad G

First from the Orient came the golden light
Of the world's early morn, but from our eye
Lost in the Egyptian shrines Tradition lies,
In priestly hieroglyphic hid from sight,
'Mid the dark pyramids: thence like thick n
Emerging, throng'd with ghastly deities,
Foul Superstition fill'd the Grecian skies.
Yet like the sun on some cloud-mantled hei
Tinging the shadows, still Tradition's lore
On priest or sage a stream of light might po
With fable not unblended, like a glass
Reflecting man's deep self; and thence to p
To shrine or porch or grove,—Socratic lore,

VI.

MYTHOLOGY.

"What can we suppose to be the cause of this, but that there is some perverse power, an enemy to truth, whose delight is in the errors of mankind, whose continual work it is, by pouring forth darkness, to blind the minds of men, that they may not behold the light, nor look up to heaven."

Lactan. Instit., lib. i. De fals. Sap. c. 1.

For since the knowledge of the One Supreme
Was the sole fountain which refresh'd mankind,
And purified and fill'd the inner mind,
To foul the source of that soul-cleansing stream
Did evil spirits labour,—made the theme
Of God and heaven amid the multitude
(Which ever blends with ill essential good)
A worship soul-corrupting; poet's dream,
Or language veil'd in priestly mysteries,
They turn'd to fond idolatry and lies;
On sacrificial victims laid the rod
Of their enchantments, made them deities,
Isis or Apis. Trembling at their nod,
Men worshipp'd some old emblem for a God.

VII.

THE GRECIAN JUPITER.

hilosophers made two Jupiters, one the natural, the other
ous."

Lactan., Instit. lib iii. De fals. Rel. c. 11.

VIII.

PLATONISM.

"They found in the knowledge of God the first Cause of the universe, the Light of Truth, the Fountain of Blessedness. They who thus think of God, whether Platonists or other Gentile philosophers, they think with us."

Aug. De Civ. Dei, lib. viii. cap. 10; and cap. 6 and 7.

That God Himself is the essential Light,
Which is not subject to corporeal change,
The Fountain of all life, beyond the range
Of these our senses, and material sight;
That One Chief Good, supreme and infinite,
Wherein the soul, from bonds terrestrial free,
May drink of bliss and immortality,
And disembodied find serene delight;—
That he who seeks that pure Intelligence
Must walls of this our universe transcend,
Made like to God;—and ever heavenward tend
Beyond the reach of outward elements;
That true philosophy thus wean'd from sense
Is but the love of God, our being's end.

"That the Word was God, I read in those Platoni
that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among u
there."

Aug. Confess., lib. vii

Divine philosophy, that could afford
Such light to wandering men, and with
Lead upward! yet in all their wisdom's
Eye saw not, heart conceiv'd not, nor ea
Humiliations of the Incarnate Word,
Hid from the wise, reveal'd unto the po
Therefore they nothing knew of Christ t
The Way, the Truth, the Life; a dying
They knew not, Who descending from a
Emptied Himself in His eternal love,
That He might to Him gather those tha
The "Man of Sorrows." Like the moc

erudition subjects the mind to the government of
passions to the control of the mind, that they may be
the uses of righteousness. The Stoics are wont to
ity."

Aug. de Civ. Dei, lib. ix. c. 5.

too ethereal and refin'd,
and the Porch were too severe,
out all affections, hope and fear,
y, hate ; the body and the mind
rend, which God had once combin'd,
ified in Him Who draws us near.
n our own flesh, and this our sphere
and affections hath assign'd
place in Christian righteousness ;
urn'd to love, anger to zeal,
nd fears, which human souls possess,
nce eternal sets the seal,
man restoring from the dust

THE PYTHAGOREANS.

"Of the hearers of Pythagoras some were content with his mere authority and the master's word; others were in secret instructed in such things as were not suitable to be disclosed to common ears, before they were purified by obedience."

Origen, Cont. Cels., lib. i.

The Samian sage of ancient Italy
On contemplation dwelt and life divine,
And such his wisdom veil'd in mystic sign;
Yet till the God illumin'd and set free
Obedience was his door, and Faith the key,
While Silence kept the path of discipline,
Taught disputatious questions to decline,
Bright speculation, baseless theory;
Till strengthen'd by long duty, Self-control
Had purified the mirror of the soul.
But who hath such authority of rule
Save He Who is the Truth, the Word of God?

XII.

"Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbras
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna.
Quale per incertam Lunam sub luce maligna.
Est iter in sylvis; ubi cœlum condidit umbra
Jupiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem."

Æn. vi.

seem to walk 'mid the surrounding mass

XIII.

THE CHANGE.

"Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."
Æn. vi.

'Tis no more wandering in a gloom profound,
For our own Sun, our stars to us are known,
The suffering Saints who their bright goal have won.
To us an ampler far horizon's bound,
And our own purple light hath o'er us shone,
Investing all things; while our own true Sun,
And constellations which our path surround
Lead on the way with light and glory crown'd.
With Socrates and Plato have we been,
But issue in a temple full within
With light, poetic strains, and melody.

XIV.

POETS ADMITTED TO THE CITY OF GOD.

"Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti;—
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vitta."
Æn. vi.

But He—Who all things which to us belong
Hath ta'en unto Himself, and with the coal
From off His altar touch'd the human soul—
Hath sanctified and bless'd the Poet's song,
To set forth wisdom and make virtue strong;
By all that is upon the Prophet's roll,
And David, mightier with the poet's scroll
Than with the kingly sceptre, to prolong
A kingdom in men's hearts. But the true Seer
At the sole well of life must drink most deep,
By prayer and deeds of alms and life severe;
Or nature's inbred taint those streams will steep,
Conveying their own love, and hate, and fear;
And over his own issues he shall weep.

PLATO'S MUSIC OF THE SOUL.

"Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos,
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."
Georg. ii.

Such may instil, as Plato's self design'd,
Love of eternal beauty, which is Truth,
And harmonies that speak of endless youth;
With that celestial music which may wind
Like amarynthine gales into the mind,
Like airs from odorous places breathing health *f*;—
Insensibly conveying, and by stealth,
E'en from their tender years, the love resign'd
Of Justice, Courage, Temperance; till these,
As beauteous statues in a temple stand,
Shall all the heart possess. Those melodies,
Which Plato dream'd of, like a purple band
Of clouds, part off and shew a stable strand,
The love of God and Christian charities *g*.

[redacted] ἔργων ἢ πρὸς

XVI.

PLATO EXPELLING POETS.

Translated from De Republica, lib. x.

" Ah, did but Homer so belov'd from youth,—
Did poetry that charm'd us, only move
To virtue and build up immortal Truth,

'Twere well to lose the meed of righteousness,
Or virtue which the inner soul doth bless."

PLATO.

XVII.

ON A FUTURE STATE.

Ibid. con

: of its rewards and heritage

own exceeding guerdon, though alone ;
d it were well to live in her control
ough Gyges' ring could shelter us from harm,
helm of Hades were our saving charm.

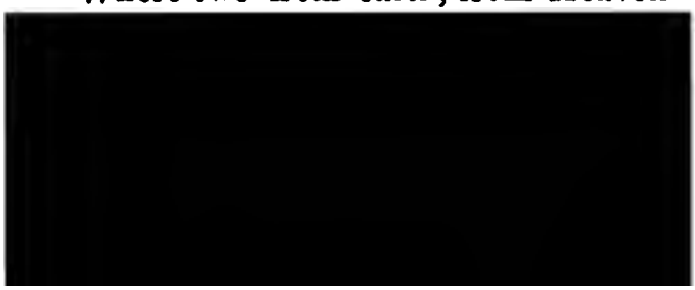
Think, when the soul of man shall cast aside
he incrustations, sea-weed, shell, and slime,
hat now her form deface, her lustre hide ;
nd from the Ocean of our nether time
all free herself, shake her fresh wing, and shine
ognate to the immortal and divine.

What though 'neath penury, disease, or shame,
Here Virtue be unknown, scorn'd, and belied ;
Yea, 'neath a cloud of obloquy and blame
May seem awhile of men and gods denied ;
Yet in the end e'en men themselves shall own,
And to the God throughout 'tis surely known.

Herself her own reward in human eyes.
Yet this is nought compared with the s
And greatness of the things beyond the
But in a tale of Hades let me tell
Of thoughts which are themselves unsp

"Herus, a warrior of Pamphylian race,
Upon the battle-field unburied lay;
After ten suns when men now sought t
Corruption there had made the slain be
Yet touch'd him not; his body still ent
Borne home was laid upon the funeral

"Then he, though twelve days dead, to l
And spoke of places where his soul had t
That when forth from the body first it b
With many others, to a place serene
It came, where spirits met, a dread retr
Where two from earth, from Heaven f



Warning them of the things he witness'd there ;
For awful sights he saw where spirits dwell,
Too vast and manifold for tongue to tell ;—

Unheard of punishments for varied crime,
Ten or a hundred or a thousand-fold,
For rapine, treason, murders of past time ;
Mongst which impieties, late or of old,
Against the gods or parents foremost stood,
And Self-destruction, stain'd with its own blood.

" And then he heard another Soul enquire
Where the great Ardiæus might be seen,
He who his brother slew and aged sire ;
A tyrant in Pamphylia he had been,
For crimes and mighty deeds renown'd of yore,
Who reign'd on earth a thousand years before.

...e Gulf arose and hinder'd them ; and then
...urably they sunk ; and forth there came
...arning with lurid fire what seem'd like men,
Who seizing him with partners of his shame
Bound them together, hands, and feet, and head
And dragg'd them down to Tartarus most dreac

"Then corresponding to those penal pains
Rewards in multiform varieties,
Majestic calm delights and endless gains.
And first a middle place of rest and ease,

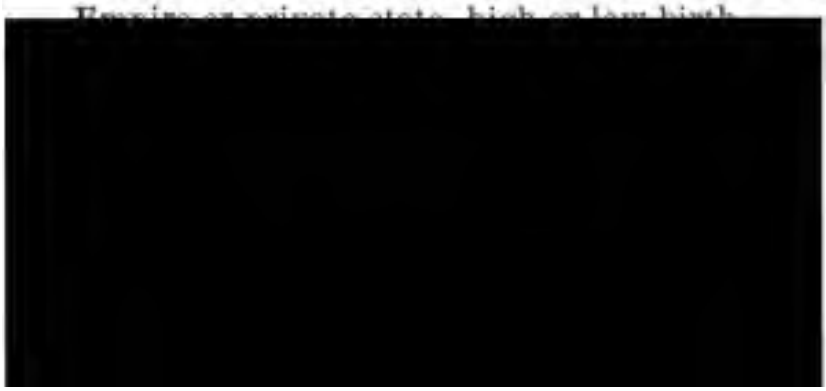
O'er which sat Destiny, in whose vast woof
Their circuits are, of adamantine proof.

'Each on its circling sphere, Eight Sirens move,
With notes whose Octave forms Heaven's harmony,
And thron'd at equal intervals above
Of Destiny there sat the daughters three,
Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos,—all crown'd
With golden crowns, with white robes flowing round.

'Those, the three Fates, unto the Sirens' chime
The Past, the Present, and the Future sing,—
The evolutions of eternal time,—
Of birth, life, death; while one doth loudly ring,
Go forth, ye Souls, choose your immortal state,
For you Fate chooses not, but ye your Fate.'

this, friend Glaucus, then, in this must dwel
of man's danger; let us care to know
other science but of living well,
ur whole, sole being upon this bestow,—
How we to life's true knowledge may arrive,
And living better, better know to live.

" Unto all other things to bid adieu,
Or ask them what they bring for the soul's health
Look on and eye them well with this in view,—
Glory, disgrace, strength, weakness, want or weal



ON CONSCIENCE.

From de Rep., Lib. i.

"For know, O Socrates, as time draws nea
When man by nature must expect to die,
There comes into his soul an anxious fear
Unknown before, which will not be put b
And tales of Hades which were once a jes
With terrible forebodings haunt his breas

ings full well, 'When man his days
and with holiness hath past,
l friend, Hope, that as steersman sways
oss'd heart, Hope, solace sweet, at last
f help-mates, with old age to dwell[b]:'
is said how wondrous well!"

is reversed by a modern infidel: "I must reluc-
nt two causes, the abbreviation of time and the
vill always tinge with a browner shade the evening
rds of Gibbon, in "Memoirs" of his own life.

ARISTOTLE.

THE HYMN TO VIRTUE.

"O SOUGHT with many toils and strife
By those of mortal race,
Virtue, thou noblest prize of life,
Whose love in us finds such deep place;
Thy beauteous form, O Maid, to gain,
'Twere deem'd in Greece an envied lot to die;
And fiery toils unwearied to sustain;
For fruit which thou dost bear is Immortality.

"Better than gold, ancestral ties,
Or sleep's soft-vision'd eye;
For whom the Jove-born Hercules,
And Leda's sons in labours vie;
Pursuing while it seem'd to flee
The power that is with thee, of suffering bred;
Achilles too in longings after thee

Him shall the immortals praise and love,
ae Muses, daughters of Mnemosyne,
For honour paid to hospitable Jove,
nd Friendship's guerdon built on stedfast constancy."

)N THE FOREGOING, AS ILLUSTRATED BY THE ETHICS.

But yet such [illegible],
As emblems serv'd and shadowy types, allied
To that pure archetype which fill'd his thought,
Amid the things of men that come to nought:—
Which after mortal labour gives repose,
Whose shadow haunts our being till its close,
A crown invisible that mocks our toil,
Yet beckons us to follow: in the coil
Of labours difficult still seems to flee,
And beckons on to immortality [i],
Still promises yet gives not, flies from view,
And turns in death that promise to renew.

[i] Ἐφ' ὅσον ἐνδέχεται ἀπαθανατίζειν, καὶ ἅπαντα ποιεῖν πρὸς τὸ ζῆν κατὰ τὸ κράτιστον τῶν ἐν αὐτῷ.
Ethics, lib. x. cap. 7.

PYTHAGORAS.

THE GOLDEN VERSES.

ɔrship God above ordain'd by law;
.ine oath; next Heroes hold in awe;
ue reverence to the Dead below;
Parents, love to kindred shew;
for thy friend the best man choose;
ıild words, nor kindly deeds refuse;
ıt fault hold not thy friend at bay,
ıou canst,—and *can* dwells next to *may*.
ıgs observ'd in constant mastery keep

Of self-restraint; if Falsehood should assail,
Bear it with meekness; hold this without fail,
That none by word or deed thy purpose wrest
To do or say but what appeareth best.
Think before action, lest it come to nought;
Fools only act and speak without a thought.
Do nothing which may leave a grief behind;
Know what thou doest, and if ignorant, find
Instruction; so thy life shall please thy soul.

"Nor of thy body's health neglect control,
Keep to the mean, in food, drink, exercise,—
That mean from which no after-pains arise:
Let not thy food be delicate, but plain.
Avoid what may to envy cause a pain.
Thrift marks a weak, expense a vulgar mind;
In all things it is best the mean to find.

"Always with fore-thought look unto the end
Nor with sweet slumber let thine eyelids blend
Ere each of thy day's works thou thrice review,—
Where have I err'd? what done? what fail'd to d
[illegible] successive action comes to sight

To know the nature which doth each contain,
That nought should 'scape thee, nor thy hopes be vain.
Mark what self-chosen evils mortals bear,
Nor see nor hear the good that lies so near.
Few from these ills the refuge know to find,
Such destiny o'er-clouds the human mind.
As on a wheel, from care to care, through life
Men pass, and heap up woes, and seek for strife;—
Strife, their own birth-companion, ever nigh;—
They have no need to seek it but to fly!
"O Father Jove, release us from these woes,
Or shew to each what demon with him goes.
But be thou hopeful, man's race is Divine,
His nature all things sacred would design,
Divinely-born. Let self these Rules control,
They shall from evil save and heal thy soul.
From interdicted meats, as rites ordain,
And for deliverance of thy soul, refrain.
Let Wisdom o'er thine actions still preside,
As charioteer[k]; so thou, as she shall guide,
To the free skies mayst from the body soar,
As an immortal God, and man no more."

[k] "The Passions, which arise in the soul from the influence of the body, must be kept under by Reason as by a scourge; lest by relaxing the reins to pleasure we neglect the mind, which thus is dragged and borne away like a charioteer by headstrong horses that obey not the rein. Rather should we remember the saying of Pythagoras, who, when he observed one of his acquaintance too much strengthening the flesh by exercise and food; 'will you not,' said he, 'cease from thus rendering your prison-house more severe to yourself?'"—S. Basil, De leg. lib. Gen.

GREEK POETS.

Τοῖς παρὰ τῶν ποιητῶν ἐπεὶ παντοδαποί τιν
κατὰ τοὺς λόγους, μὴ πᾶσιν ἐφεξῆς προσέχε
νοῦν· ἀλλ' ὅταν μὲν τὰς τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν πρ
ἢ λόγους ὑμῖν διεξίωσιν, ἀγαπᾷν τε καὶ ζηλοῦ
ὅτι μέλιστα πειρᾶσθαι τοιούτους εἶναι· ὅταν δ
μοχθηροὺς ἄνδρας ἕλθωσι, τὴν μίμησιν ταύτη
φεύγειν, ἐπιφρασσομένους τὰ ὦτα, σὺχ ἧττον
Ὀδυσσέα, φασὶν ἐκεῖνοι, τὰ τῶν Σειρήνων μέλη.

HOMER.

eard from a person of much ability in ascertaining a tion, that all poetry in Homer is the praise of virtue, n him all things conduce to this end, except such as rduous to the main design."

S. Basil, De. leg. lib. Gen. 4.

I.

Melts and moulds ...
For ever to retain their impress given,
And scattering golden thoughts which emanate
Heaven.

How like reality the speaking page,
Or some old tale in pictur'd tapestry,
So vividly pourtray'd life's rapid stage,
While fabling verse in colours of the sky
Clothes the pervading God that walks so nigh
As with a garment! Not alone for these,—
Nor like the stars that live and speak on high
The luminous and beauteous images,
As Nature's wild spring flowers pour'd forth
varied ease.

Now legions stir in shielded bright array,
As mountain forest blazing in the night[a];
Now countless as about Cayster play
The clanging cranes in multitudinous flight,
... rejoicing, or on feet alight[b];
... in vernal hours ...

When all the stars in the ethereal space,
And moon breaks forth; heights, cliffs, and woods
appear,
The shepherd sees rejoicing. Pleased we trace
Upon thy antique scroll the very face
Of nature—earth, sea, sky, as in the stream
That makes sweet pebbled music; every place
Comes forth to life, and living mirrors teem;
Wondering we gaze, so true to nature every theme.

Yet not for these alone on thee I dwell,

And sweet it were—if such sa
We to a higher wisdom might
To muse beside the solitary sea
Of the cerulean Thetis, like the
Rising from the blue waves wit
Or when by funeral pyre in open
Achilles prays the Winds, and lo
To palace of those Winds wing'd
They speed o'er earth and seas; tree
arise.

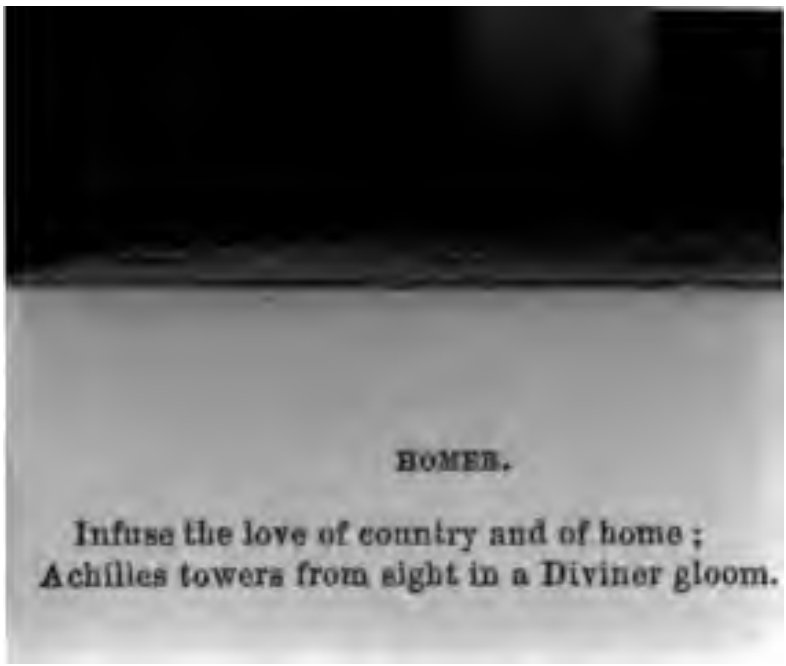
Though fabled all and fabling, yet
Lay nearer solemn truths than no
To sensual thoughts; when man
sails
On

Though much of evil in those gods above,—
Since serpents enter'd Eden, and have striven
By heathen shrines and oracles to move
In men such thoughts as place themselves in Heaven,—
Yet good with ill is mingled, and 'tis given
To trace some wrecks of Eden lingering still,
Whether from lore traditional, or leaven
Of mystic truth beyond the poet's skill,
Which speaks as from a shrine and moulds him to its will.

Like some clear star when seen [illegible]
In Autumn[k]: or with its portentous blaze
The Ægis, and the golden gloom doth rest,
Covering unharm'd Achilles with its rays,
As when red beacon fires a siege-press'd isle display

All is Divine,—if 'mid the martial throng
Fierce Rumour stirs the crowds to rapturous figl
It is Jove's Voice[m] that walks the camps among
Yea like a phantom half-reveal'd to sight,
The Jove-sent Dream[n] glides through the a
brosial night.
Alone beside the many-roaring deep
Pelides mourns, soft as the pale moon-light
The spirit of Patroclus[o] with his sleep
In awful sweetness blends, and human tears th
weep.

[illegible] wo dagew



As Ocean takes its hues from changing skies,
Thus human characters and Powers Divine
Blend the unseen with life's realities.
Yet strong is mark'd the interposing line
Men's actions and affections to define;
Changes and chance in super-human scale
Are measured, yet mysterious intertwine
With man's deservings; though it seem to fai

II.

ATE EXPELLED FROM HEAV

"Then Ate by the head and shining
Jove seiz'd, such sorrows his deep
And this strong oath indignant did
That to Olympus and the starry hal
Ate should ne'er return, that injur
He spake, and then with whirling
And hurl'd her from Olympus' star
Quickly she came 'mong men.
thought
O'er the

ATE AND LITÆ, OR PRAYERS.

Phœnix to Achilles. Il., b. ix.]

"Subdue thy mighty spirit; 'tis not right
For thee to be relentless; Gods above,
Greater in honour, virtue, and in might,
E'en they too will relent and pitying prove;
Them offerings, vows, and sacrifices move,
When man prays for the sin that on him lies.
Litæ are daughters of the mighty [illegible]
Wrinkled, and [illegible]

Of prayer, and pardo
sweet
With Heaven, and those
feet.

III.

ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

Odyssey, b. v. 203.

Cal. "Ulysses wise, Laertes' son divine,
So thou to thy dear home and native shore

O beautiful and strange epitome
Of this our life, while through the tale w
Homeless Ulysses on the land and sea!
From childhood to old age it is the face
Of heaven-lost—yearning Man:—from p
place,
Whether he wander forth abroad, or kno
No change but of home—nature and of g
Still is he as one seeking for repose,
man of many thoughts, a man of many w

Though Ithaca be rude[1], the rose that th
Hides in bleak rocks but waits the wint

[1] Od. ix. 27.

Calypso in her isle blooms ever fair;—
Yet God's own presence seems upon the past,
His shadow rests where He our lot hath cast.
The sacred loyalty of a deep heart
Dreads chang'd affections, stedfast to the last,
From old associations fears to start,
Sending its roots below which upward strength
impart.

And healthful Piety, though far she range,
Yet on the stem of early discipline

IV.

ULYSSES SHIPWRECKED AND NAUSICAA.

Od. vi. 186.

evil man I deem thee nor unwise,
nger,' Nausicaa the white-arm'd replied,
all alike, as pleasing in his eyes,
npian Jove doth good or ill divide;
r then as sent from him whate'er betide:
e thou of us shalt nothing ask in vain,
all a sufferer's wants shall be supplied;
s is Phæacia's city and domain,
which my honour'd sire Alcinous doth reign.'

THE FAREWELL OF NAUSICAA.

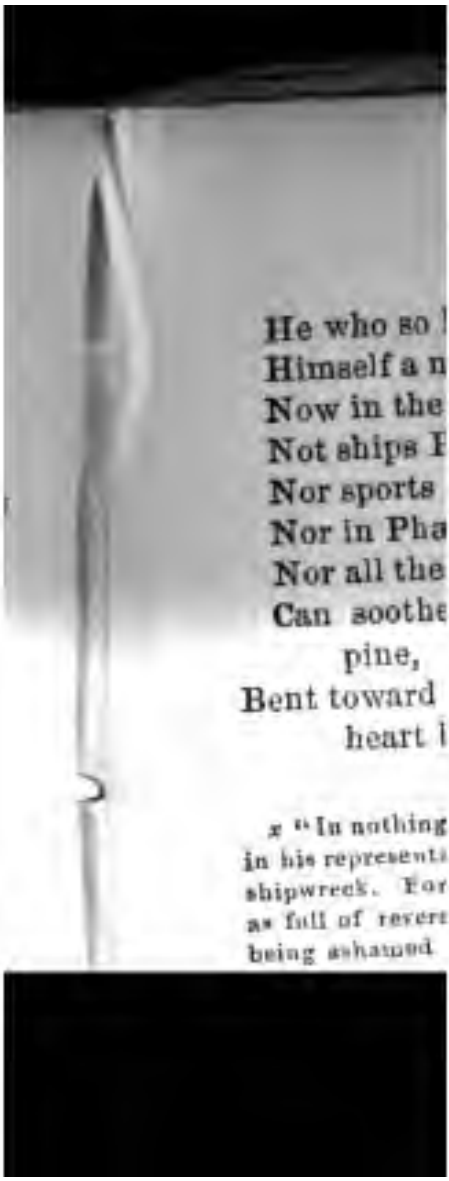
Od. viii. 456.

"As from the bath unto the festal board
He went, Nausicaa, fair in beauty's bloom,
In beauty which the immortal Gods afford,
Stood by a pillar of the vaulted dome;
She saw with wondering eyes Ulysses come,
Address'd these wingèd words, and thus begun,
'Stranger, farewell;—and should'st thou reach thy home
There in thy native land think thou of one
Who saved thee from the sea, and first thy safety

Of grots and lawns and fountains; all imbued
With Godhead—half-terrestrial, half-divine;
Yet toward the "wine-faced sea" the wander
heart doth pine.

Another scene of rest, another shore,
Safe from the roar of hostile elements,
Another Fair;—of human presence more,
And less divine in all that charms the sense,
But inly dress'd with nobler innocence;
With goodly nature and sweet modesty,
In kingly roofs parental rear'd, and thence
With youthful maids disporting* on the lea,
By fountain, grove, or field,—domestic, regal, free

She seem'd the guardian spirit of the place,
In palace-halls scarce-seen, and yet the while
Her form, though absent, seems each scene



He who so
Himself a n
Now in the
Not ships I
Nor sports
Nor in Pha
Nor all the
Can soothe
pine,
Bent toward
heart

x "In nothing
in his represent
shipwreck. For
as full of rever
being ashamed

V.

THE LOTOPHAGI.

Od. ix. 82.

With these Lotophagi not open harms
And seen destruction our companions greet,
But the charm'd Lotus, which the soul disarms;
Whereby they ate a strange oblivion sweet
Of home-returning with the honied meat;
Scent of that Lotus from the enchanted ground
With those Lotophagi to stay and eat;
These with constraint we dragg'd, and weeping bound
Within the hollow ships, then cleave the deep profound."

ON THE FOREGOING.

Hence from the hateful shore;—uplift the sail;
The brutalizing ease of savage land,
Whose pestilential breath clogs the sea-gale!
Away the Lotus-eaters, and the band
Half-brute, half-man; nor parley with the stran
Such pleasure's vile allurements come not o'er
The man of counsels nor the mastering hand,
For him far other dangers are in store;
Lift the sail to the winds! away the hateful shore!

Half brute, half human were, yet part divine,
Those fauns and old poetic fantasies,
Which haunt the classic woods and
Something celest

VI.

THE ABODE OF CIRCE.

Od., b. x. 220.

"In portals of the Goddess now they stood,
And Circe heard, who sitting at the loom
Sung with melodious voice that fill'd the wood;
A woof she wrought of bright ambrosial bloom,
Divine the work, and graceful hues illume;
Then first Polites spoke, of men the king,
'O friends, what sweetness charms the sylvan gloom,
That all around the very pavements ring,
Is it a mortal voice, or doth a Goddess sing?'

... and lo, were seen

"She gave—and straightway as they drank the wine,
They drank oblivion of their native land,
Transform'd anon they put on forms of swine,
Head, voice, and bristling limbs, by her dread wand
Stricken, and pent in sties at her command.
While all within, their sorrows to confound,
The minds of men remain'd; she with her hand
Strews acorns, mast, and cornel fruits around,
While swine with swine they fed, low grovelling on the ground."

ere is an herb which wingèd Hermes giv
e wise who blend in faith that sovereign
y of those pleasures taste, and yet may li
h power hath grace Divine: but if her b
ou enter'st, long delays and shadows low
on thine after-course and Hades' gloom:
d well for him who so hath bound her po
t she may wisdom speak of things to co
ngers, shades, and shoals that hence n
his doom.

d e'en for him who with the swine hath
husks in foreign lands and far from hom

Od., b. x. 218. *a* Od., b. x. 302. *b* B. x. 504

For him there is a rising from the Dead [c]
When his Deliverer and his Lord shall come
And look upon his sorrows—thence to roam
No longer, taught by suffering; and again
Lead him a weeping wanderer from the tomb,
Make him anew, and give to sit with men,
In City of our God an honour'd denizen.

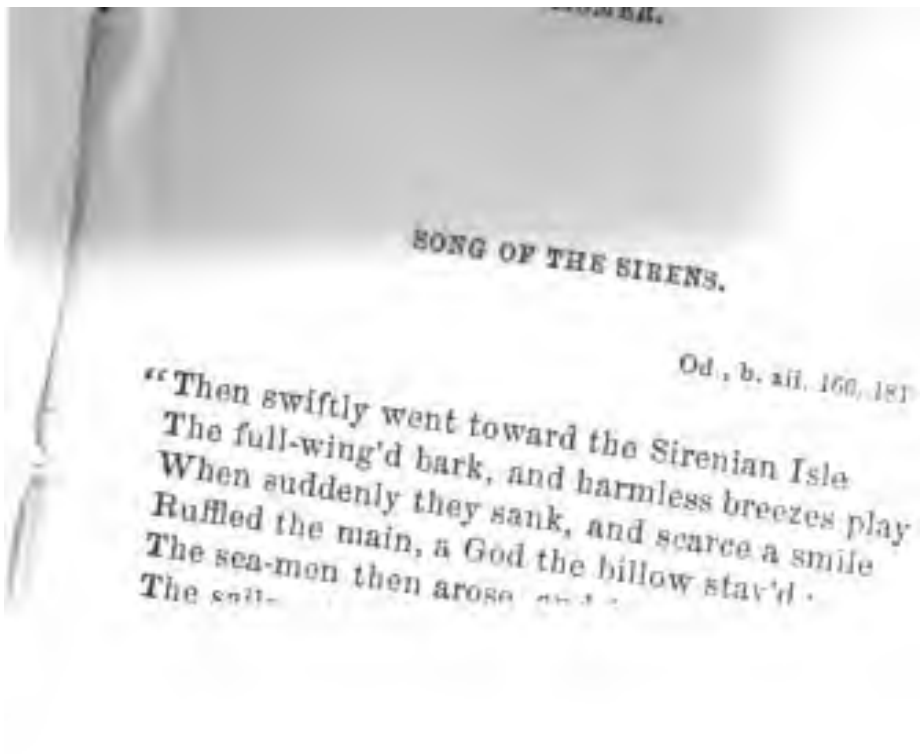
c B. x. 395. d B. x. 398, 399.

WARNINGS AGAINST THE SIRENS.

Od., b. xii. 36.

"Then Circe spake, dread Goddess, 'These things o'er,
Another coming peril shalt thou find;
Hear thou my words, the warnings given before
The God shall in their season bring to mind;—
The Sirens next waft death upon the wind;
Whoe'er unconscious shall approach their shore,
And hear their voice, for him those left behind,
His wife and children hastening to the door,
Shall gathering stand around and welcome home no more.

(Charming the sirens [illegible]



SONG OF THE SIRENS.

Od., b. xii. 166, 181

"Then swiftly went toward the Sirenian Isle
The full-wing'd bark, and harmless breezes play
When suddenly they sank, and scarce a smile
Ruffled the main, a God the billow stay'd.
The sea-men then arose, and [illegible]

And is there then a song the wise can char
The man of many counsels, school'd in wo
Can all his better soul at length disarm,
Who rose superior o'er so many foes,
With Circe and Calypso scorns repose?
What is that strain so subtle to the soul
That he who listens, till himself he lose
Will listen, though he 'scap'd th' enchanted
Sounds that from wisdom win her hard-earn
control?

Surely that song is with the promise stored
Which our first parents heard in Paradise,
Whereby the wisest fell, Creation's lord,
The pride that flatters man with honied lie
And with the fatal promise to be wise;—
"Glorious thou art and prais'd," the Siren
Then comes that curiosity that dies

VIII.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Od., b. xii. 201

white spray dash'd on loftiest crags on l
h the engulphing tide and the rebound
hin appear'd a dreadful revelry,
h thundering roar the rock rebellow'd ro
deep beneath was seen blue sandy grou
ast were all, with terror petrified;
while on this we gaze, with awe profoun
bravest champions from our vessel's sid
venous Scylla seiz'd, and buried in the t

ON THE FOREGOING.

is the chart whereby Philosophy[c]
ld point her course, this is the tale she t
cer aright upon life's dangerous sea,
re upon either side destruction dwells,
with the tides of Passion ebbs and swel

[c] Arist. Ethica, b. ii. c. 9.

And thou whose track is on the pictur'd
Thou Chief of many counsels, many foes,
Weaving the web of thy long pilgrimage,
Ever begun anew, still 'mid thy woes
Mock'd by the unreal phantom of repose,
Which like a cloud-built vision seems be
Upon the horizon's verge just to disclose
Ithaca's home, lost Ithaca's loved shore,
Ithaca fair at eve—all cloud and nothing m

But other ills await thee, other forms
Of danger round thy homeward course

f B. xii. l. 2[illegible].

To seize her destin'd prey; long there I stood,
And gazing watch the gloomy rocks draw near,
But her I saw not:—then we trembling steer
The desperate strait between, and onward toil,
Scylla on this side, and Charybdis there;
Dreadful they roar and rush, and then recoil,
ll all the raving floods as in a cauldron boil.

The white spray dash'd on loftiest crags on high;
With the engulphing tide and the rebound
Within appear'd a dreadful revelry,
With thundering roar the rock rebellow'd round,
And deep beneath was seen blue sandy ground,
Aghast were all, with terror petrified;
But while on this we gaze, with awe profound,
Six bravest champions from our vessel's side
he ravenous Scylla seiz'd, and buried in the tide."

While *Virtue 'tween two Vices has her course;*
Shunning Charybdis most with foaming cells.
And there is wisdom too in his remorse
Who vainly seized his arms and met such foes with
force.

It is the wise-man's lesson,—for e'en so
In rude impatience oft stirr'd to alarms
Too roughly and too rashly we forego
The gentler wisdom, and rush forth to arms,
O'erleaping caution to fraternal harms;
Then on a sudden find companions
Such violence, vain

Faith in ... —
E'en as a shield around thee ; all are gone ;—
Bear on, brave heart, still bear on to the end
Thy comrades lost, thy ships wreck'd and
thrown,
Tempest-wrought ills thy soul and body rend
Thou art by Wisdom loved, thou art of God
friend.

THE RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES.

Oft as I read how great Ulysses stood
In his own kingly hall, a beggar poor,
With tatter'd garb and leathern wallet rude,
I would unravel the "good?" Poet's store,
And all the golden argument explore:
Caught in the maze of his melodious wiles
I linger, and suspend the passing oar,
E'en as that hero by those syren isles,
At whose surpassing sounds the sullen Ocean smiles.

But his no syren's soul-enfeebling song,
He lifted up the dull earth to the skies,
Then wander'd forth in healthful virtue strong,
Seeing all earth as with an angel's eyes,
Thick-peopled with immortal Deities;
It is no more the haunt where wrongs prevail,
But in each act of life the Godhead lies,
From sight withdrawn awhile; while ne'er to fail
Stern Retribution holds, but half conceals, the scale.

[redacted] darts that pass or miss the devil's aim,
[redacted] every thought which human conduct guides,
[redacted] morn, in eve, earth, sea, and air divine,
[redacted]he ever-varying God his presence hides,
[redacted] sways of mortal things the deeply rolling
tides;—

[redacted]Wrapping mankind around, serene and still;
[redacted]nd oft the good to see him are allow'd,
[redacted]While 'mid the revellers all bent on ill
[redacted]Good Theoclymenus beholds the cloud
[redacted]Peopled with Stygian shapes, a blackening shroud,
[redacted]And heads all ghastly with portentous sign,
[redacted]Going before destruction; from the crowd
[redacted]He springs aloof, discerning wrath Divine,
[redacted]hile they heed not nor hear, in surfeit lost and
wine.

Now little deeming of th
Th' insatiate spoilers, r
Sure indications of their
Antinous in wassails fie
Taunter of holy eld ; an
Eurymachus ; the son o
Lover of Gods and men,
Of revellers the Hero fai
But he who shares the fe
timely grave.

And thou, divine Eumæ
Like the rude stakes th
nest[1].

HESIOD.

i.

And helmet, but o'erwhelming [illegible]
The arrow wing'd with their impending doom
Hangs eager on the string, yet still they wield
The thoughtless flagons through the festive room,
While Justice hath e'en now delved deep their
righteous tomb.

There falls a light on this illumin'd page,
And as I ponder with delighted eyes
Upon the holier lore of earlier age,
Something I read of higher mysteries,
Of One who hath descended from the skies,
And wanders here in His own kingly hall,
A *stranger*,—and in *prison* often lies[1],
And on His brethren's charities doth call,
Yet weighs and watches each, the God and Judge
of all.

[1] St. Matt. xxv. 35, 36.

HESIOD.

I.

II.

THE IRON AGE.

Works and Days, b. i. l. 176.

Then the fifth age succeeds, whose course I mourn,
Would I were dead before, or later born!
An iron race with toil and care oppress'd,
Who pause not night or day from their unrest,
Corrupting; on them woes the Gods shall send,
Yet even now with good the evil blend.
For Jove upon them brings a speedy doom,
And hoary-headed soon they reach the tomb.
Sons are not like their fathers as of yore;
The host and guest, the friend and friend no more,
The brother is no more to brother dear;
Nor parents soon grown old will sons revere;
With bitter words they taunt them and complain.

perjuries.
... visage and foul eyes,
ıth miserable mortals will resort,
ill rejoicing, scattering ill report.
on o'er the spacious earth, from mortal sight,
vering their beauteous forms with robes of white,
verence and Right shall quit mankind, and rise,
the immortal mansions of the skies;—
thing but woes remaining with mankind,
remedy of evil left behind."

ON THE FOREGOING.

ere the symbols erst which walk'd the earth,
mpanied in Greece the elder birth
f glorious Liberty

On tiptoe loud Anticipation
Waiting th' opening door, and through all lands
The putting forth the head, and far and wide
Golden opinions, glorious hopes, astride
On Expectation : thence on every side
Partition-walls broke down, scatter'd all bands,
Christian and Jew together shaking hands.
Each his own priest and king and his own God
Which none shall interfere with ; for their nod
Is as the many waters : wars must cease,
For mammon is enthron'd as king of peace
Throughout all lands : in the new world all-gold
The casting off of dusty trammels old ;
And the great Bishop of all Christendom
Hastens to come down from imperial Rome,
Blessing and shaking hands with anarchy.
We see what is, we see not what shall be.

III.

THE WATCHERS.

Works and Days, b. i. l. 246.

"Consider, O ye kings, of judgment well;—
"For ever near among mankind there dwell
"Immortals, looking on with keenest eyes;
"Beholding when, regardless of the skies,
"With crooked judgments men each other rend.
"For thrice ten-thousand watchers ever tend,
"Guardians of Jove, on those of mortal birth;—
"With darkness clad they walk the peopled earth,
"Immortal spirits, through all place and time
"Noting the judgments and the deeds of crime.
"For Justice is the virgin-child of Jove,
"Glorious and reverenced by the Gods above.
"When one against her by ill ways hath striven,
"Anon she sits a suppliant in Heaven
"To her Saturnian sire - of deeds of ill

IV.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

Works and Days, b. i. lin. 265.

"Know well that evil we have power to seize
"In cumulative fulness and with ease;
"For short the way, she dwelleth ever nigh;
"But before Virtue have the Gods on high
"Sweat of the brow ordain'd, much toil precedes,
"And long and steep the path that to her leads;
"Arduous at first—until it reach the height,
"Easy thenceforth the way, and fair the sight."

ST. BASIL ON THE ABOVE PASSAGE.

"What else can we suppose was the intention of Hesiod in com
posing those verses which are in the mouths of all, but that of ex
[illegible] to virtue? It appears to me that in such a de
[illegible] die

V.

THE RIGHTEOUS KING.

Theogon. l. 79.

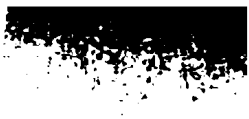
alliope, the noblest of the Nine,
or she on kings revered attendant goes,—
Whoe'er he be of kings divinely-rear'd,
n whom as soon as born they deign to look,

ÆSCHYLUS.

I.

THE PROMETHEUS.

WHERE didst thou glean that strange mysterious
tale,



For who is this am
In adamantine fett
Whose very name
Two monsters, St
lock,
Alien to pity, and
But Nature throug
And Earth unto it
See Ocean on his
And all his daught
eyes,—

Full of diviner co
Ascending from t
And coral caves,
'Tween earth an
breeze

When thou didst give them ... -
Heaven,
or which thou art thyself to bonds and exile
driven.

And who this Jove imperious, new to power,
Throned majesty of evil, given to reign
A dynasty of ill one destin'd hour,
Yet trembling at a captive he would chain?
Men "seeing saw not, hearing heard in vain [A]."
But who is this with melancholy moan,
That like a death-doom'd victim doth complain,
And comes to thee with supplicating groan,
Whom that dread evil power hath touch'd and made
his own?

The horned maid of Inachus, 'neath ban
Of conscience, expiating Jove-wrought sin,
... symbol of guilt-laden man,
... within

relief.

But, lo, the Earth to its foundation shakes,
'Mid mountain fastnesses the Thunders boun
And Echo from her rocky caves awakes,
And Lightnings shake their forked hair arou
Wild dusty Whirlwinds ride the storm.
sound
Of bursting thunders with a mightier chime,
From him upon the adamantine rock fast-bou
Is heard the righteous voice lifted sublime,
Making his loud appeal to furthest shores of tim

I would not force such legends of old lore
To square with truths divine, nor bring from
Transcendent Love, to blend with tales of yor
Found in the dreams of heathen vanity ;—
As when in fiery embers as they lie
We trace out fancied shapes, or in the cloud
That rolls and melts upon the azure sky —

strand ;—
Methinks, if we could all the meaning tell,
It bears the mark of some unearthly hand,
On which with awe we gaze, yet cannot unde

They who the Cross would mark in things o
Earth, sea, or sky, live form, or human fac
Yet lose it soon in other lineaments,
Alien and intricate ; enough to trace
Though rude and shapeless ;—or in res
grace
With complications manifold may blend
The Cross of Christ, yet find therein no pla
In full distinctness, though through all it t
Enough if 'mid dark clouds we Heavenwa
ascend.

Wonderful is Thy Name!
How shall I think of Thee aright,
And speak Thee without blame?
Of Thee I fain would sing,
But every thought I to the balance bring
To speak Thy praise is impotent and vain,
And feeble is the strain.

2.

"I see below some mighty one
Arises, mantling o'er
With proud defiance; he anon
Is past, and heard no more:
Another for a space,
And lo, a third is towering in his place;
But he who sings of Thine all-conquering Power,
Hath Wisdom for his dower.

"Thou pointest out the toilsome stair
Which leads to Wisdom's palace fair,
And hast to man Thy law made plain,
That Pain is Gain.
Gentle as dew such knowledge of Thy laws,
And e'en from sleep the soul instruction draw
But little thanks the lesson own,
For in unwilling hearts such grace is sown,
By them who sit on Heaven's dread throne.

ON THE FOREGOING.

Thus well he deem'd that God who hides from
Must Ever-lasting be and Infinite,
To knowledge of Himself that lies so deep
Still training us by suffering, e'en in sleep
Conversing with our spirit; night and day,
So wonderfully near, so far away.

III.

SACRILEGE.

Line 367, Διὸς πλαγὰν, to line 396.

The hand of Heaven is on them, see
Their own madness they deem wise!
O footsteps and mute auguries
Of Him whose will is destiny!
"Tush," said one, "doth God perceive,
Or for trampled altars grieve?"
Thus they whet themselves to rage
abhorrèd Sacrilege.
rung are such from them of old
eathing forth rebellion bold,
s'd to impious hardihood
n full houses a...

"When they the strength of Right let go,
Th' infatuating Judgment's course
Urges them on, and gathers force,
Dread Counsellor for children's woe.
Therefore lowers the heavenly roof,
And all Healing stands aloof.
Now no more the guilt conceal'd,
Horribly it stands reveal'd—
Awfully resplendent light:
It has pass'd for current long,
Through the hands of thousands strong,
And their handling made it bright.
Black forgery is in these lines,
See the adulterous metal shines,
With a curse upon its brow!
Look at it, and sound it now!
It seem'd but sport at morning mild,
And they pursuing, like a child
With feather'd prey his grasp inviting,
Ever before his steps alighting;
But in sad Destruction [illegible]

"Then grieve not at their hi
Those proud bad men, who
Has shatter'd holiest thing
Christ's little ones." *Lyr.*

Ibid., line 716 (

1.

"There once was one
Who rear'd a Lion from the breas
And took him for his household gu
Harmless he play'd in mimic strif
In feats that presaged after-life,
The children's sport—and well I w
Old age could smile upon the scene
When one would take him, like a c
Into his arms; or crouching wild
The hand caressing he put by,
With suppliant tail and glistening e

2.

"But lo, anon
He shews the hidden dam within,
And all the house is blood and din.
His foster friends h

Wild beasts which nature fill with awe
But typify the inward law
Of Passion, whether love or hate,
Fawning at first, but waxing great
It preys upon the soul within,
And stands reveal'd "the man of sin."

FURIES OVERTAKING ORESTES.

Eumen. l. 264. . . . and 299.

ast overtake thee, thy red blood
nd thou alive shalt be our food,
thee and drag down below
he vengeance and the woe
e matricide ;—
ing-sign for him who sets aside
he stranger, or his parents dear,
retribution each shall bear.
eat Judge, all mortal things shall right
Who sitteth out of sight,
watchful mind as with an iron pen
oting down the deeds of men."

ORESTES AT THE SHRINE.

er Apollo nor Minerva's shrine
ave thee that thou perish not and pine
f joy within thy mind ;

3.

"In smoky huts Justice shines bright,
Revering holy Right,
But her averted eyes doth hold
From hands defiled with sacred gold;
And towering walks unto the side
Where deeds of Holiness abide,
Nor honours power which wealth may raise,
Though falsely it be stamp'd with passing praise,
But unto the Great End she ordereth all her ways."

VI.

THE FURIES OVERTAKING ORESTES.

Eumen. l. 264. . . and 320.

stice must overtake thee, thy red blood
k we, and thou alive shalt be our food,
waste thee and drag down below
With the vengeance and the woe
Of the matricide;—
t warning-sign for him who sets aside
God, the stranger, or his parents dear,
That retribution each shall bear.
des, great Judge, all mortal things shall right,
Who sitteth out of sight,
With watchful mind as with an iron pen
Noting down the deeds of men."

My living victim, not on altars slain;
Then hear the charm which shall thy soul enchain.—

SONG OF THE FURIES.

"Let us come and join the dance
Which his spirit shall entrance.
Men's destinies are in our hand,
The disposal of our band;
Stern exactors we of right;
Vengeance is our stern delight.
He his hands who keepeth clean—
Him our anger toucheth not,—
He shall have an unharm'd lot.
But where deed of crime hath been,
And the guilty sinner hides
Blood that on his hands abides,
Witnesses true to the dead
Close upon his heels we tread,

Soul-destroying, working sadness,
And self-despairing madness,
The Furies' ban,
The spirit's chain,
Lyre-less, joy-less, withering man.

"This our office from of old
Fate hath given us firm to hold;—
When deeds of crime on mortal lie
To attend him till he die;
Nor I ken
Shall he be more free e'en then.
O'er our victim not in vain
Sing we this our strain,
Soul-destroying, working sadness,
And self-despairing madness,
The Furies' ban,
The spirit's chain,
Lyre-less joy-

...ite-robed company.
Ours the ruin is of houses ;
Should a home-rear'd Mars appear,
Slaying one that should be dear ;
Him pursue we ; be he strong
We shall waste him down ere long.

By our care and by our zeal
Is ONE set free,
And Gods enjoy immunity
From the criminal appeal.
But Jove with converse ne'er will grace
Our hate-doom'd and blood-reeking race.
Therefore wandering far I go,
And down my heavy foot-fall bring
With a spring
And intolerable woe,
Even upon him we prevail
His slippery foot

VII.

DIVINE POWER.

Supp., lin. 86. Διὸς ἵμερος.

l of Jove no one can trace,
things to him are bright
'en in dark night,
seems black chance to mortal race.
t falls out and sure will stand
te'er his will shall once command.
counsels are a secret maze,
intricate dark woodland ways;
nd difficult to know.
ofty towers on high he looks, and thence
hurls men in destruction low,
arms him with no violence;—
ll without effort is with Gods.
know not how, His thought
wrought

... the earth invisible
All the sunless cloud I dwell."

SONG OF THE FURIES EXPLAINED.

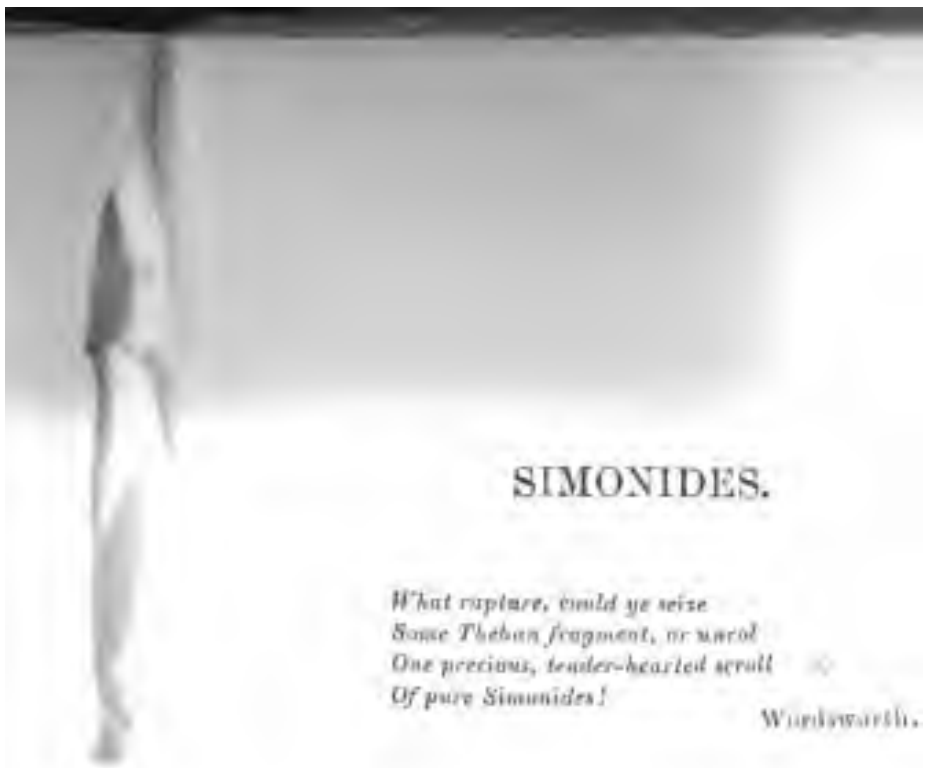
"When one has been recollecting the proper proofs of a future
te of rewards and punishments, nothing methinks can give one so
sible an apprehension of the latter, . . . as observing that . . .
the chief bad consequences, temporal consequences, have been
ed for a great while; at length they break in irresistibly, like
med force: repentance is too late to relieve, and can serve only
gravate, their distress: the effects of their own doings, over-
them, beyond possibility of remedy or escape. This is an ac-
of what is in fact the general constitution of nature."

Bp. Butler's Analogy, b. 1. ch. II.

DIVINE POWER.

Supp., lin. 86. Διὸς ἵμερος.

"The will of Jove no one can trace,
All things to him are bright
E'en in dark night,
What seems black chance to mortal race.
Safe it falls out and sure will stand
Whate'er his will shall once command.
His counsels are a secret maze,
Like intricate dark woodland ways,
And difficult to know.
From lofty towers on high he looks, and thence
He hurls men in destruction low,
Yet arms him with no violence;—
All without effort is with Gods.
Seated on high, I know not how, His thought
Hath instantaneously fulfilment wrought.



SIMONIDES.

What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides!

Wordsworth.

"Nought hath on earth abidi
For *mortal men like leaves* (
So said the Chian bard of y
All hear, but few in heart v
For e'en from youth, at eacl
Hope will with pleasing tale
While lovely flowers of yout
Many designs man hath in v
Ne'er thinks he shall grow o
Nor when in health he sick s
O fools, thus minded still are
Nor know how short man's t
Take this to heart, and to life
Of thine own soul be thou th

III.

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

"Deep-thundering Jove each end fulfils,
Disposing all things as he wills;
'Tis not man's wisdom ought to sway,
He lives the being of a day

"Say not what yet may happen, being
Nor what may be another's mortal sp
For rapid is the change which on us l
E'en as the insect spreads its wing ar

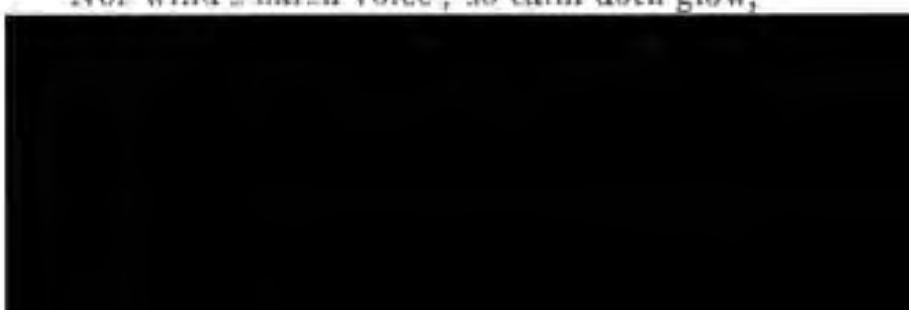
ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE

"Say not, mortal, what shall be,
Nor of one whom thou may'st
When his lot to die:
For the change of human thing
Is more swift than glancing w
Of the summer fly."

V.

DANAE AND HER CHILD.

"Loud o'er the chest the night-winds roar'd,
The waves around tempestuous pour'd,
A mother's heart then quail'd with fear,
And on her cheek there was a tear;
O'er little Perseus, as he slept,
She laid her loving arm, and wept;—
'What do I suffer, O my child,
While thou upon a night so wild,
With baby heart thus breathing deep,
Art in thy joyless house asleep,—
This brass-bound chest, 'mid Ocean gloom
Which nothing but the stars illume.
Thou markest not the wave that rocks
Above thy deep and flowing locks,
Nor wind's harsh voice; so calm doth glow,



"GRASSHOPPER, that sp
On the high tree-top
Like a king thou singe
Drinking dewy drop

"Hail to thee, blithe bei
Thine are all the fiel
All thou thence art seei
All the woodland yiel

"Thou the ploughman ch
Harmless round his fe
Welcome guest appeares
Summer's prophet sw

"Loved of all the Muses,
And Apollo's choice,
Who in thee infuses
A melodious

ON THE FOREGOING.

Happy for thy spirit,
  Bard of love and wine,
Could it but inherit
  Such a life divine.

That glad insect creature,
  Singing on the tree,
True to its own nature
  Carols joyously.

PINDAR.

I.

The feat—the champion—and the prize—
And arts of glorious enterprize—
The glittering steed—the golden car—
The victor's coming, like a star,
When one is in the ethereal tent,
Or one o'er all pre-eminent.
The hopes of years, and every sense
Bent on one moment of suspense,

Mirror'd to him that victory.
Years by him crown'd with flowery feet
His course advancing came to meet,
That he forgat he had to die,
Wreathed with such immortality;
When all the world rung loud his worth
He seem'd a God upon the earth.

What was it in those Grecian games
Which like a fount of living flames
Kindled the Theban poet's breast

Through heart and head like lightn
For causes deeper than he knew,
And bathed with fire so through an
For thus in our own later day
When Spenser caught the kindling
Till all the minstrel buried lies
In feats of by-gone chivalries,
We see what Heaven-ward Instinct
In battle—prize—and tournament :
For he 'neath knightly feats in-wro
Sublimities of moral thought ;
With the romance that fill'd his sai
The knights and ladies of his tale—
With images that please the eye,
Blended the great reality—
The battle-scene of mortal life,

Thoughts worthy of the immortal soul.

1.

"The Babe now swathed in saffron sheen
Scaped not the golden-throned Queen;
In jealous wrath unquenchable
Instant she sent two serpents fell.
Then through the portals opening wide
To the broad chamber's haunt they hied,
Eager to slime their ravenous maw
Over the babe; the infant saw,
Lifting his eager head upright,
And first essayed the coming fight.

2.

"Then with both hands in iron grasp
Both their huge necks he firm did clas
And held them struggling fast, until
Their monstrous limbs in death were
[illegible] did astound

And, heart-pierced, the wi
Brandishing his naked sw
Came the sire Amphitryo
Home-felt grief holds ever
But the cheek is sooner dr
In another's sympathy."

THE CONTRAS

Such were the heathen augu
Portending feats of high em
Which in his royal cradle ga
A hero-god who came to sav
Shadows that wait the infan
Beneath the eye-lids of the
And in his chamber come to
Such is the picture—mark it
When man would nourtray

Or look again,—beneath the night
A helpless pair in hurried flight—
Where nought but stars on either hand
Keep watch o'er the Arabian strand.
Look on each picture, note it well,
And more of wisdom shall it tell
Than kindled heathen poet's theme,
Or walk'd the groves of Academe.

"Wealth is like a radiant star,
He who hath it shines afar;
But well he knows what is to be,
That lawless spirits when they die
Must suffer penalty.
That sins in this the realm of Jove
One below doth judge and prove,
And o'er them sentence pass with ster

"But with sun whose wondrous ligh
Burns alike by day and night,
Freed from toil the good shall live,
Nor vex the watery wave nor land
With importuning hand,
In life which true peace cannot giv
But 'mid the honour'd of the Gods ab
By them who faithful oaths shall lo

To old Saturn's tower of stre
To where the Ocean gales ab
The blessed Isles around,
Their course assign'd fulfil a
Where on the ground, or on th
Or on the waters in the bree
Bright golden flowers are
Whose wreaths upon their brows
are worn."

REFLECTION ON THE

Do deep within our soul there

And then the serpent enters in
It is an Eden then no more,
But we again the loss deplore.

IV.

BEGINNING WELL.

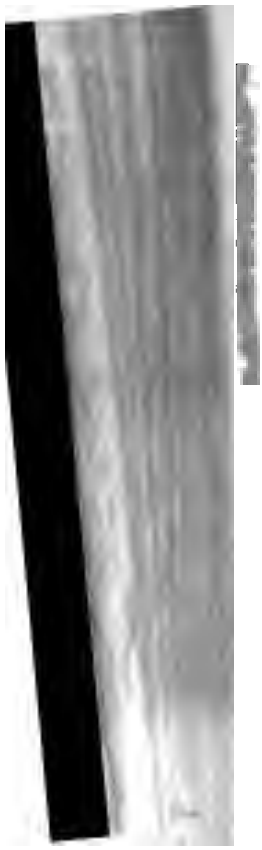
" Ναυσιφορήτοις
Δ' ἀνδράσι πρώτα χάρις
Ἐς πλόον, ἀρχομένοις πομ-
παῖον ἐλθεῖν οὖρον· ἐοικότα γὰρ

V.

THE FOUNDLING ON EARTH.

Olymp. Od. vi

"A silver pitcher laid aloof,
And a zone of purple woof,
'Neath a darkling hawthorn shade
The child of god-like soul was laid;—
Sent by the God of golden hair
Soft-counselling Eleutho there,
And the sister Fates stood near.
"Iamus thus saw light of him!
Deserted left



On the above.

From man's cradle for his t
May we thus a garland b
With its hues of vernal blo
In these regions of our sc
Lightening up the morning
In that world of the grea

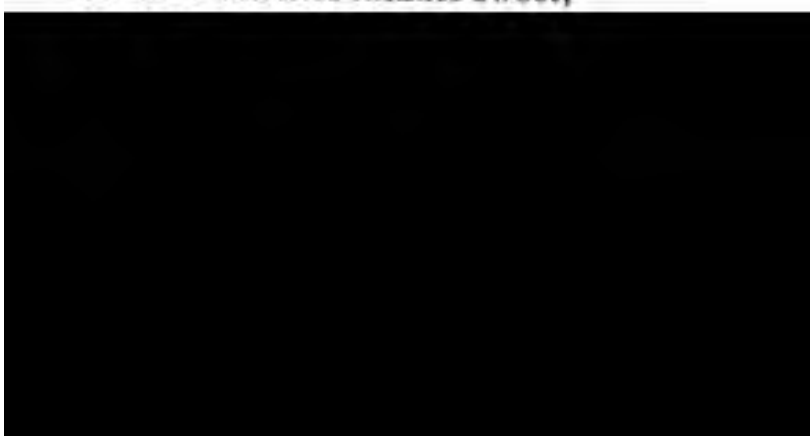
In that morn of Paradise
When the infant soul rep
Shrouded 'neath the glitteri
Of the violets and roses,
Angel-tended in surprise
Which eternity discloses.

In the shadow of

In the silence of that morn,
  Hid from foes, of friends forsaken,
When the infant 'neath the thorn
  To its destinies shall waken,
Terrors of the newly born
  With divinest love o'ertaken.

When the soul all infant-wise
  In that slumberous land rejoices,
And like birds in morning skies
  Hears around angelic voices,
Brighter dreams in her arise
  Conscious of celestial choices.

He Who watches infants sweet,



"Now when o'er him in
Golden-wreathèd Yout
By 'mid Alpheus strea
He call'd on his great a
Neptune of far-spreadi
And his sire, his bow f
The watcher God,
Who makes divine-built
'Neath the night in oper
When lo, responding at
The paternal Voice repli
While he the speaker sou
'My son, arise,
Seek we where assembled
Follow thou my Voice bel

In the dark, where nought appears,
Witnesses unseen abounding.

Like the rainbow in the skies
Springs the vast prophetic notion;
Cradled in the immensities
Of the sun and of the ocean;
Such a spirit in them lies,
Light and life and space and motion.

'Neath the night's ambrosial halls,
'Neath the sky-encircled hollow,
Thus around the poet calls
Sea and Light—Neptune, Apollo:

I.

GRECIAN TRAGEDY.

THE mighty Witness through all tir
At varied interval and clime
His utterance shapes in varied mod
Nor quits with man His sure abode.
By Patriarchs and by Prophets old,
And shepherds of His own true fold,
In full distinctness is He heard,
Before—around, the Living Word.
So 'mid the nations, though less clea
Yet unto those that lend an ear,
His voice mysterious deigns to dwel
And moulds the awful parable.

Teachers of God, like streams th
The dried and sultry wilderness,
Where all things else would droo
Beneath the anger of the sky.

When rocks of Helicon were mu
Then, sweeter than Apollo's lute,
Unto Philosophy was given
To speak deep things of God and He

Then entering pass'd the Tragic Qu
With graceful and majestic mien
Attended by the virgin choir,
On the Athenian theatre.
Her chasten'd and melodious
She gave upon

II.

THE TRAGIC CHORUS AND THE MORAL LAW.

(Œd. Tyr., lin. 863—9

"May Providence with me concur
Sustaining reverend purity

"If there be one in hand or word
Who goeth haughtily,
Not fearing Justice, nor
Revering seats divine,
May evil fate him seize
For the requital of his ill-starr'd pride;
If what he gains, he gain not righteously,
Nor holdeth back the sacrilegious hand
From things that are not meet for mortal touch.
What man in courses such as these
Shall ward the shafts of conscience from his soul?
If things like these are honour'd among men
What need for me the sacred choir to lead?"

III.

SIGHT OF ATHENS.

(Ed. Col., line 668.

oph.—"Stranger of this equestrian land,
On noblest seats of earth dost thou stand,
Colonus, marble-white;
Where most oft the nightingale
Warbles most musical
In verdant glade
Out of sight;
In the wine-faced Ivy shade,
And hallowed grove with fruits of thousand kind,
Where no foot hath descended,
Where sun and wind no entrance find,
[illegible] by Bacchanalian god,
[illegible]onded.

Sleepless-flowing day and nigh
Cease not the founts that in Cephisu
Through all the day still wend
With fertile shower the meadow
Nor tuneful Nine this favour'd lan
Nor Venus to her golden harness bet

Stroph.—"Here too is a plant which
Groweth such on Asia's land,
Nor on Pelops' Dorian Isle doth
Blooming over—

and from thy port the
Companion of the N
With her countles

SIGHT OF O

On the ab

What inspirations hail t
Of Athens' sacred seat
And all the poet's soul r
His own loved haunts

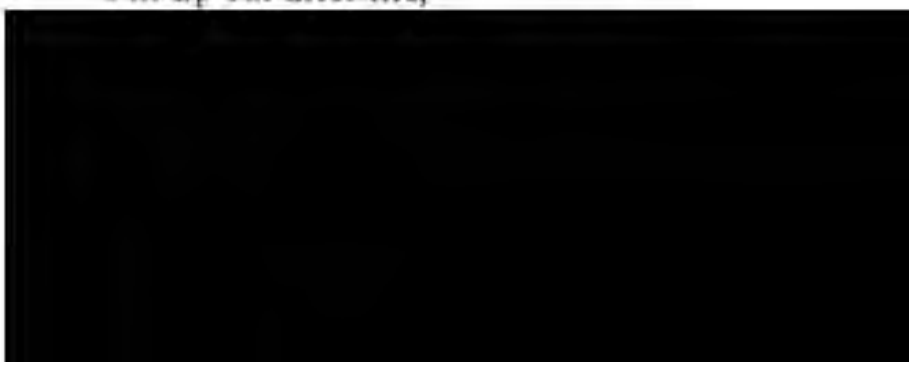
The nightingale—the ivy

And woodland verdant hill.

The nightingale most frequent there
Sings in her covert glades,
While calm religion's gloom severe
Watches the holy shades.

Thus chasten'd awe with gentle love
Are in those haunts combined,
All looser fancies to reprove,
And still the vagrant mind.

The memories of that peaceful place
Fill up our after life,



Subdue its keener woes!

The air itself is full of sound
From bells and sacred calls,
And ancient Faith hath cast around
Its shadow on her walls.

What poets spake of haunted grove
Here dwells in bowers and shrines,—
Severity with awful love
Which better hope divines.

There should be here no room for vice,
Nor the luxurious board,
Nor cares of filthy avarice

Her very heart that beats,
The pulse is felt throughout the earth
Which stirs in her retreats.

May God, I pray, that holy place
For our own children keep,
When we ourselves behold His face,
And 'neath His shadow sleep.

EURIPIDES.

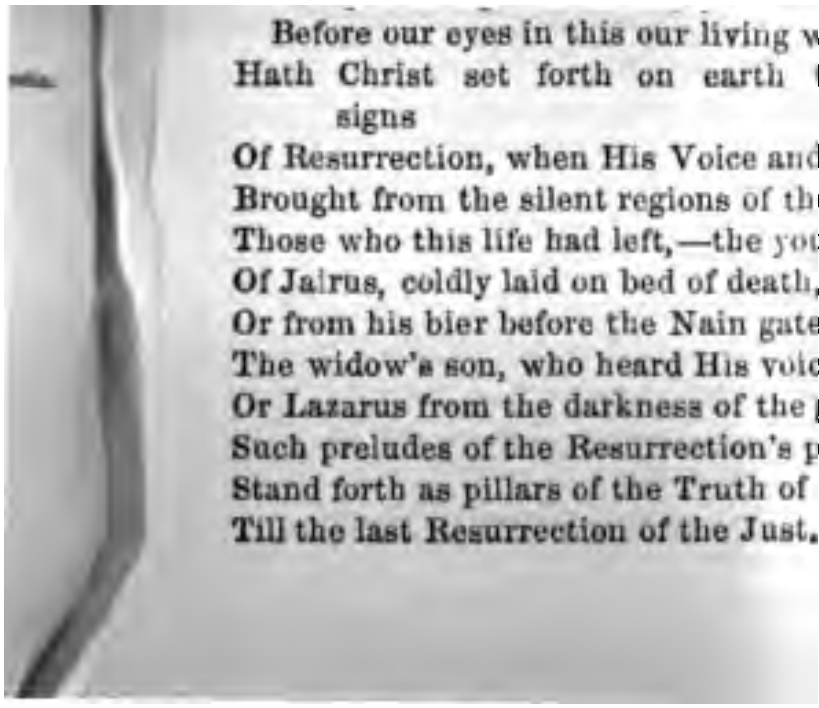
I.

ALCESTIS RETURNING FROM THE

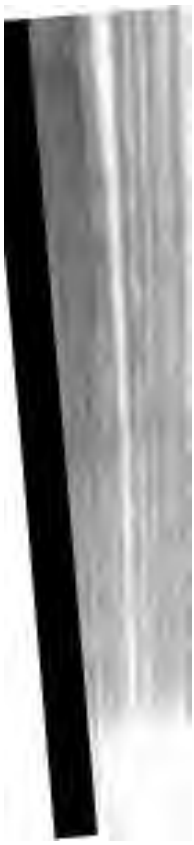
"How strange are things divinely wro
The Gods have means beyond our tho
Expected ills they turn aside,
Beyond all hope a way provide."

Terminat

As often in the visions of our sleep



Before our eyes in this our living world
Hath Christ set forth on earth the s
signs
Of Resurrection, when His Voice and Hanc
Brought from the silent regions of the dead
Those who this life had left,—the youthful
Of Jairus, coldly laid on bed of death,—
Or from his bier before the Nain gate
The widow's son, who heard His voice and
Or Lazarus from the darkness of the grave.
Such preludes of the Resurrection's power
Stand forth as pillars of the Truth of God
Till the last Resurrection of the Just.



Yet sweet is Resurrection's powe
In that fair story of Admetus' bride,
Brought by Alcides in the veil of de
From the dark regions of the place c
Alcides—that mysterious hero-god,
Himself encountering and o'ercomir
And who that dreaded serpent slew
Mantled she stands, and waiting
When after her lustrations she may
Fair as the veilèd form of coming S
At whose approach Nature breaks f
And gratulation, with instinctive jo
Unconsciously divining deep within
Of something better than a fading S
A new Creation which shall not see
Alcestis, noblest woman, worthy
In dying resurrection to attain,
Who for another dared herself to di
Admetus too, that good Thessalian
Albeit not unmeet for

In this unlook'd-for blessing from the gr
Beyond all thought to life and light resto
Adm.—"Now we will set in order and ren
"Our lives, far better than they
been,
"For great I own is this my happine

[a] Alcest. lin. 1176.

Thou Maid of maids, Dia
fears,
Unto thee Hippolytus this
" From meadows where no
e'er drove,
From where no woodman's
echoing grove,
Where o'er the unshorn me
free,
Where by her river-haunts
Where he who knoweth no
schools
Beareth in a virgin heart

For such alone of mortals can unto her draw nigh,
And with that guardian Goddess hold solemn converse high.
He ever hears the voice of his own virgin Queen,
He hears what others hear not, and sees her though unseen;
He holds his virgin purpose in freedom unbeguiled,
To age and death advancing in innocence a child."

Chaste Hippolytus thus spake upon the Attic stage,
And worthy were the story of Christian pilgrimage.

voice of God,
Who in that solemn evening in Eder
trod.
It is an awful converse, it is a holy time,
When the soul awakes to wisdom m
sublime,
Like an effluence divine that rests on virg
Ere tainted breath hath passed on the m
truth.

And well the tragic bard hath blended
tale
With the Venus and her loves and Phæ
pale,
In ecstasy passion mad upon her like a s

is that fabled Venus

t formed of painted splendours which

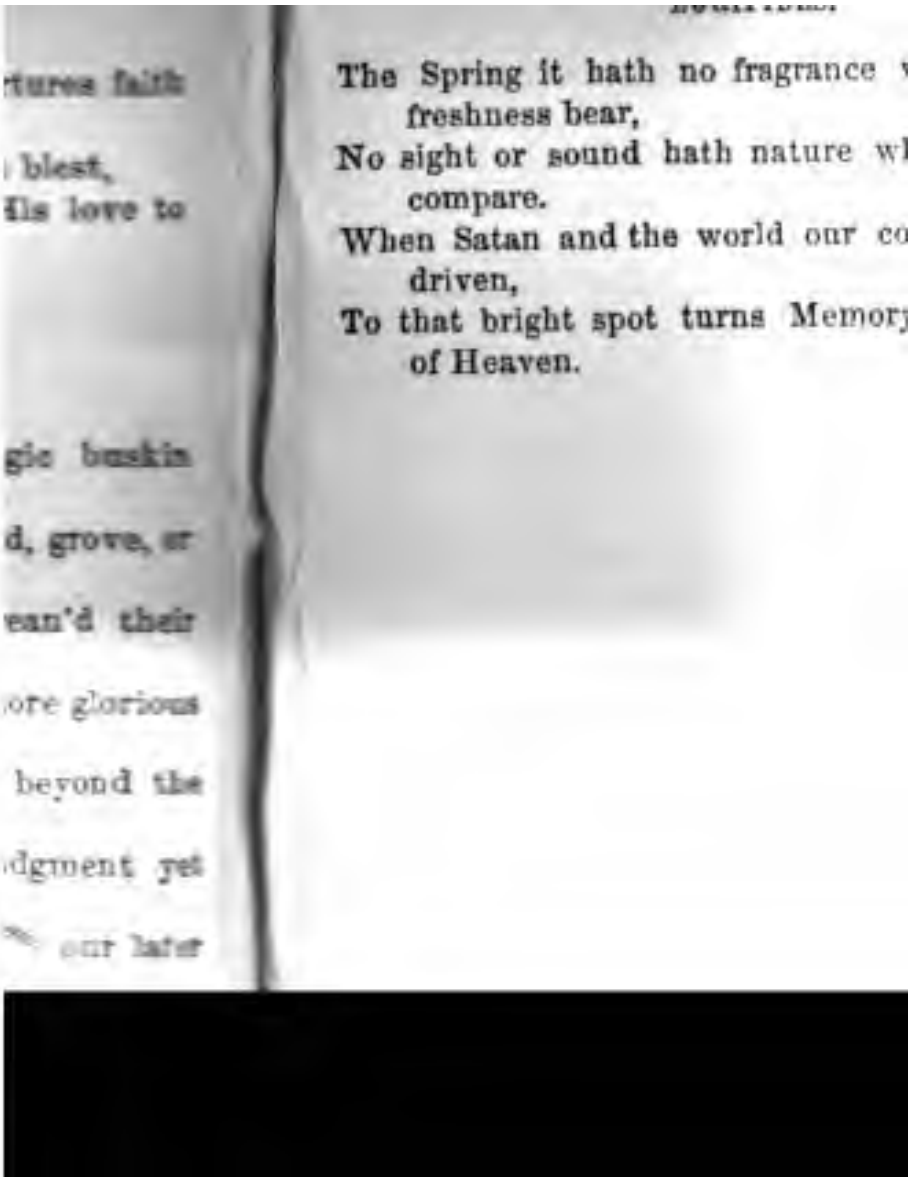
mists enfold?

hat seems so fair to glisten is but a thunder-
cloud,

nd leaves a tale of vengeance that speaketh clear
and loud.

What wish could parent cherish for most beloved
child,
But to walk before his God a virgin undefiled?
While others train their children to graceful arts
and dress,
And all the worldly ways that wait on loveliness;
That they in nuptial brightness might walk like
ladies fair,
And in their hands bear garlands, and garlands in
air hair,
station, and walk in high

Not as the untaught Heathen the tr
bore,
Conversing with the Goddess in woodla
shore:
But with those saintly spirits that
hopes from earth
That they might have in Heaven a yet n
birth;
With Daniel, man of loves, who saw
tomb;
And John in trance beholding the J
to come;
And with good Ken, the Witness of t
day,
From whom his Church hath learned h
evening lay.
There's found in life no sweetness like th
soul



tures faith
blest,
fils love to
gic buskin
d, grove, or
ean'd their
ore glorious
beyond the
dgment yet
our later

The Spring it hath no fragrance
freshness bear,
No sight or sound hath nature wl
compare.
When Satan and the world our co
driven,
To that bright spot turns Memor
of Heaven.

"THOU star of Eve wit
The sacred gem of da
Fairest of all the stars
And only than the mo
Hail, friendly star of L

"To me more friendly t
She new to-day hath se
For no ill deed I speed
Thou art thyself love's l
And sing'st with me lov

Idyll. v. translated.

"WHEN the calm wind upon the dark-blue sea
"Softly reclines, kissing it tremblingly,
"It lures my timid mind to quit the shore,
"And all the varied landscapes please no more.
"But when the deeps white-foaming heave profound,
"Crest the curved billow, and the waves resound;
"Then from the sea I fly to haunts I love;
"The land is welcome and the shady grove;
"Where gently comes the ruffle on the trees,
"And the tall pine is singing to the breeze.
"How hard the Fisher's life who night and day
"Toils on the seas for an uncertain prey,
"His home with winds and waves upon the deep,
"While 'neath the broad-leaved plane I sweetly sleep,
"Or listen to the rill that murmurs near,
"Which soothes without alarm the vacant ear."

THE CONTRAST.

She dreads false pleasures and ...
With shine or storm as they to her are given.
His is the patient Fisherman's hard life
With wind and wave and seasons all at strife.
And when his bark is on the nightly sea
Cover'd with waves and all in jeopardy,
The Tempest will disclose his Saviour's Form,
Walking upon the waves amid the storm;
Then He will enter, and appease the roar,
And bring them near unto the stable shore.

CALLIMACHUS.

I.

FROM THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

O, how the laurel of Apollo shakes!
w the whole temple

More in the heart than on the ear is heard ;
And tones of Inspiration there enshrined
Speak higher things than were within thy mi
When on His threshold treads the Chr
Lord,
The Sun of life and light, the eternal Word,
Shall be invisibly, where'er it stands,
The shaking of His Temple through all lands.
His coming on Mount Sinai shook the earth,
In premonition of that second birth,
Which by its coming shakes the earth and He
With all the universe asunder riven.
Then shall there be your lifting up on high,
Ye everlasting portals of the sky ;
And all spontaneous from its burning shores
The rolling back of the eternal doors.
Of that His presence in majestic power,
For which Creation waits the destined hour,
Gentile and Jew some shadowy gleams discer
Faces of all were to its coming turn'd ;
To good and ill shall it be manifest,—

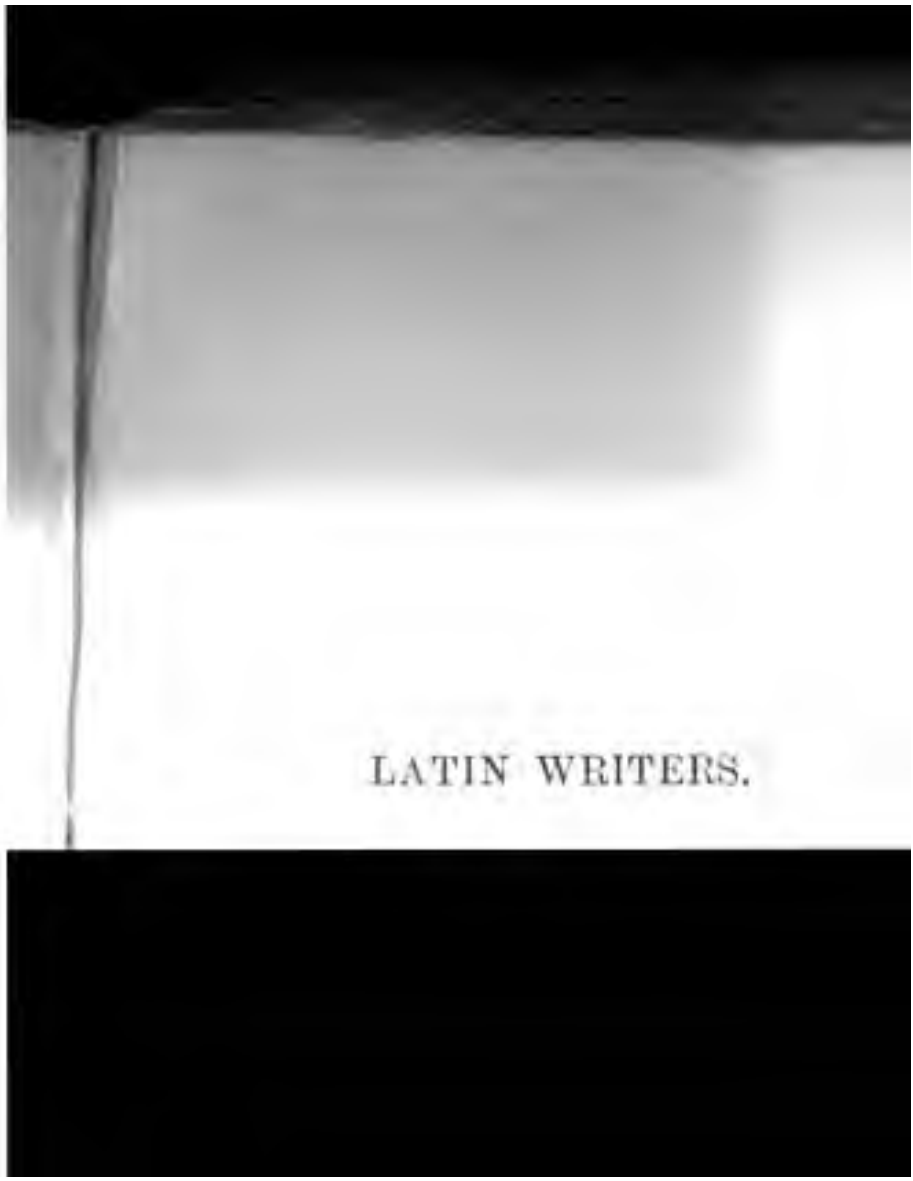
II.

EPITAPH.

" His sacred sleep Acanthian Saon lies
" Here slumbering; say not that the good man

ON THE SAME.

Like golden


LATIN WRITERS.

LUCRETIUS.

I.

STRETCHING unfathomably at boundless thoug

With awful horror blends delight divine,
Where bodies traverse depth and height, and
Wandering like sheep amid the infinite,
And feed on fields of the ethereal light [a].
The sounds his burning fancy did rehearse
Were but the songs of the vast Universe,
We hear—and listen to the impassion'd then
And catch strange truths in his bewilder'd d

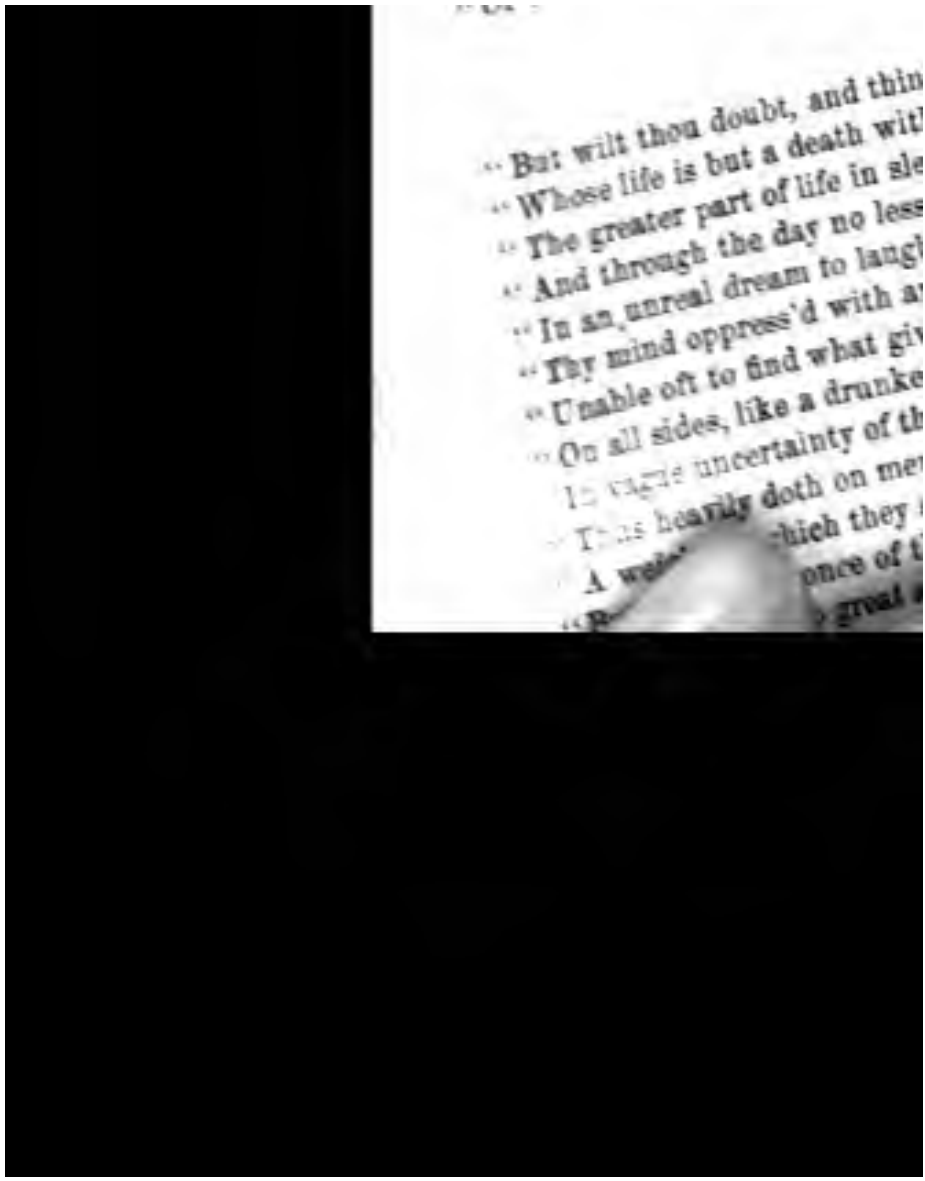
[a] "Quo cujusque cibus vocat, atque invitat euntes,
Flammea per cœlum pascentes corpora passim."
Lib.

II.

VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

B. iii. 907–9

"Thy joyful home shall welcome thee no more,
"Nor wife, nor children dear as heretofore
"Snatch the fond kiss, and to thy bosom press'd
"With an unutter'd sweetness fill thy breast.
"To aid thyself and thine no more thy power
"'Poor man!' they say, 'poor man! one evil h
"Hath all life's blessings swept from thee away.'
"But thus bewailing they omit to say
"That no desires of these with thee remain;
"Which could their hearts perceive, their wor
attain,
From anguish and despair would set them free.
Thou in thy death for all eternity
From human griefs and sickness art relieved.
Ve by thy dismal tomb, of th



"From a great house one issues forth, o'ercome
"And sated with his home, then back to home
"As suddenly returns; for he can find
"Abroad nought better than he left behind.
"With headlong haste one to his villa drives,
"As if his walls were burning; there arrives,
"And stands upon the threshold, in disdain
"And hesitation;—should he there remain,
"He sleeps and in oblivion settles down,
"Or starts again and hurries to the town.
"Thus each man from himself attempts to flee,
"But bears within him that same enemy
"From which he would escape, then frets the more,
"Nor doth of his disease the cause explore;
"Which did he well discern he soon would cast
"All other things aside, and to the last
"The nature of man's being strive to know:
"For 'tis not one short hour for weal or woe
"That is at stake,—but all eternity,
"All after death—the life that is to be."

III.

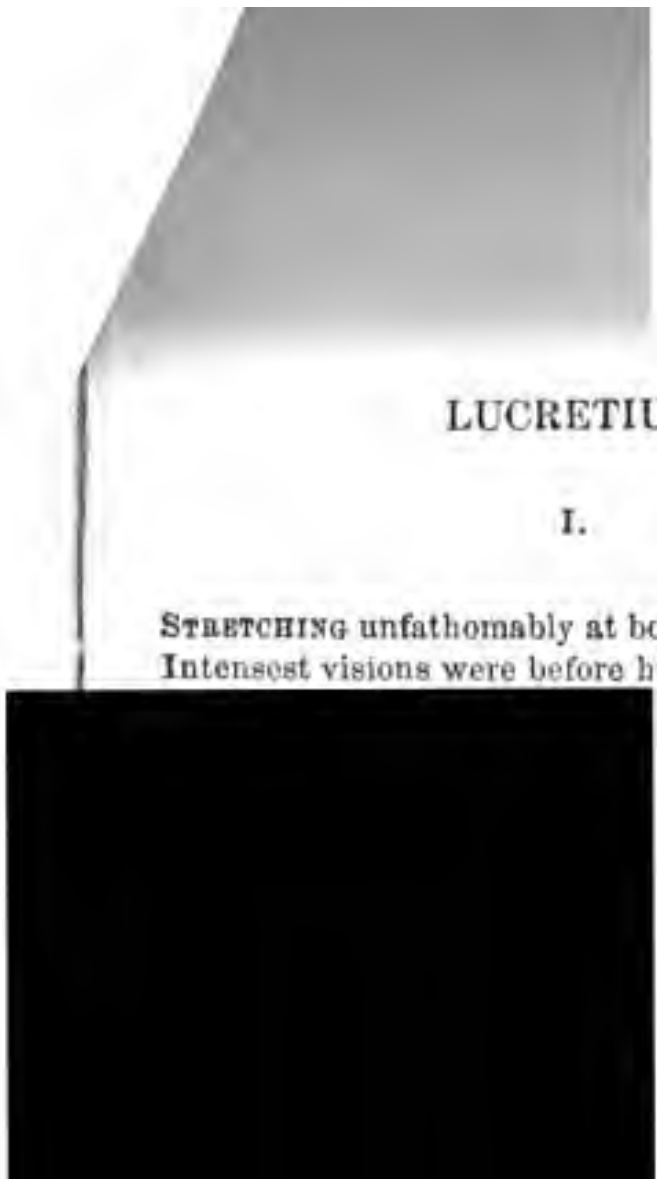
EFFECTS OF SIN IRREMEDIABLE.

B. iii. l. 901—1086

'The things they tell of Acheron profound—
'These are but states we see in life around.
'No wretched Tantalus fears o'er his head
"The o'erhanging stone, trembling with emp
dread[d];
"But fears of wrath Divine hold man in thrall,
"Lest some impending ill should on him fall.
"There are no birds that feed in Acheron
"On Tityus' breast, nor could they find whereon
"For everlasting ages there to prey,
"Though not on acres nine his huge trunk lay
"But on the whole vast world; nor could he so
"Afford them food for his own endless woe.
"But Tityus is seen among mankind,
"[illegible] like vultures of the mind,

.hen frustrated falls back, and cannot rea
This it is up the mountain's adverse breas.
' To heave the stone, which from the height
" Rolls down all hurriedly, and seeks the pla
" Again ; man's thankless soul to feed and
" With good, yet ne'er to satisfy ; while still
" The beauteous Seasons, in their annual rou
" Return, with varied fruits and graces crow
" While we throughout unsatisfied remain.
" 'Tis this, methinks, the legend will explair
" Of youthful-blooming Maidens, which in va

ATIN WRITERS.



LUCRETIU

I.

STRETCHING unfathomably at bo
Intensest visions were before h'

But why this apprehension—
This fear of non-existence, like a sea
Which secretly beneath our nature dwells,
And by some unseen influence heaves and
Oft-times with this tempestuous fury wak
And all our being to its centre shakes?
'Tis that God's Breath within us gives to
Partakers of His own eternity—
For this the unconscious soul toils day an
Turns in and out all things of sense and s
For reconciled reunion with its God,—
For this in paths so alien hath it trod,
And through all phases of tumultuous stri
Annihilation flees, and clings to life.
Therefore we thus recoil, and strive to so
From those sad shapes which sit besi
door.
Yet but unreal phantoms are they found,
Mists which the vestibule alone surround
For Shame, Contempt, and Poverty sever
With Christ Himself in death's dark shad
Him to die

VI.

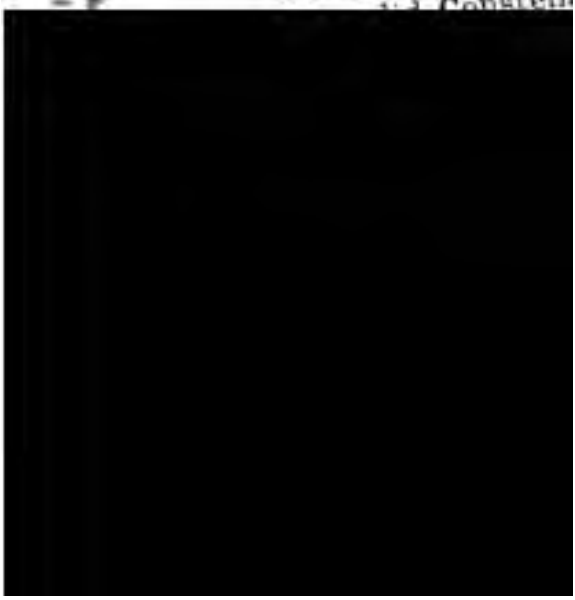
OCULAR DECEPTIONS

B. iv. 388.

"The Ship in which we sail *seems* at a stand;
"Another *seems* to pass tho' fix'd to land;
"And hills and plains *seem* toward the stern to fly,
"While with wing'd sails ourselves are hurrying by.

"The Sun upon those [illegible]
With fervid fires touching them close a
"Scarce twice ten thousand arrow-shots
"From us, or scarce five hundred of the
"Yet 'tween them and the sun huge spa
"Of Ocean, and vast regions of the sky;
"And many thousand climes may interv
"With varied tribes and forest kinds bet
"Water—a finger's depth—which at o
"Stops 'tween the stones within the pav
"Gives under ground a prospect, vast an
"As 'tween the earth and sky the ethere
"Clouds down in earth are seen, Heaven
"And bodies hidden in a wondrous sky.
"In the mid river should our horse st
"We look down on the rapid waters, till
"Borne down athwart on the still horse
"Labouring confusedly against the strea
"And, wheresoe'er we look, all we surve
"*Seems* flowing down alike, and borne aw
"In porticoes or long arcades that lean

" For nought but sea and sk
" Think not this shakes the
" Shipping in port all mai
" With rigging broke, and s
" Straight *seem* the oars whi
" And straight the helm wh
" While parts that 'neath t
" *Seem* chang'd, refracted,
" And floating on the surfa
" When winds through h
at night,



als :
ath around,
ofound ;—
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hy g
broad,
eir road.
rene
gs are seen,
ve been ;
verse,
se.
ena,
ue videre
vitæ."
h. ii. lin. 1 to 16.

VII.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

B. v. 8. 12; B. iii. 11

"For if we speak as suits the majesty
"Of so great knowledge, sure a God was he,

" Nor Earth to bound their view ...
" Depth 'neath their feet extends from b
height,
" Which the soul views with a divine deligh
" And horror, lost at the o'erwhelming sight

h "They shall *fear* and *tremble* for all the goodness and prosperity that I procure unto it."

Je

VIII.

ATHEISM CORRECTI

(In imitation of Lucretiu

If it be so—then this o'er-arching
And Heaven's deep-thundering te
On pillars of blue ether, sown wit
Where walks the Sun immism'd i

In all our ...
Range o'er the earth, yet bear a
Each doth his given work in gi
Traceable by eye of reason thou
Two roses nurtured 'neath one
Together rise and bloom, togetl
Two elms coeval in harmonious
Throw round their green arms,
Two streams together haste to
Two upward flames together m
Not so in man, himself create
Of his own acts; he moves by
Self-framed each hour, while o
'Tween good and evil stern Pr
And all he does is seed to son
Beyond, more strong in grace
Two mortals by the water sic
Spring from one root, yet gra
With different natures, this
And gladness, that with dead
E'en as the Will within her

; they who 'mid the varied things of sense
e out the maze of cause and consequence :
own 'mid mighty waters calm and deep
footsteps ;—on they dream—till in their s
ing His Voice they hear not, nor detect
is own house the glorious Architect.
e golden Sun perchance is on the Sea,
ening to Hymns of Evening's harmony,
weet,—Silence herself is audible
h the Creator's praise,—from hill or dell
id birds and lowing herds, till o'er the cl
rnose lets fall her mantle of repose

As if the Echo to its green retreats
He had pursued, unfolding its wild seats,
Till he, 'mid rocks groteesque, and tangled wood,
Forgot the Voice itself from which it flow'd.
As if the glorious thought and golden strain,
So wondrous bound in the melodious chain
Of some great Pindar, were but sounds that broke
Responsive, by some gale Eolian woke,
Dying upon it; or as if the rays
Of some lov'd countenance on which we gaze,
Were lit up by no unseen light behind;
So dark a cloud the faithless eye doth blind!
This comes of seeing and of tracing on
Cause after cause,—in wondrous union
Concentrating, combining to a whole,—
And owning not the Maker. For the Soul
At every step when she around her cell
Sees yet adores not the Adorable,
More faint and faint the gleams, which with Him

Else it were sad indeed through things of sense,
Or sweet scenes form'd by sportive elements,
To range on sick at heart; for sad and lone
Was Youth in all its freshness, though when gone
So seeming fair; beneath a vernal sky,
'Mid flowers and singing birds it heaved the sigh;
But as it flew, it turn'd and cast behind
Longing, regretful looks, and seem'd most kind
When lost for ever,—from the things of sight
A bird of golden wing hath ta'en his flight,
And left us desolate: o'er gathering years

prayer this winding cave beguile,
thoughts more meet for earthly b
the Glory shines beyond
t—rapidly 'tis onward borne,
e much to do, and much to mourn
linger not, for thus to dream,
te, and choose the learned theme,
e have no leisure—bound for far
while we talk the leading star
onder breaks on distant lawn
Day—the trees are in the dawn.

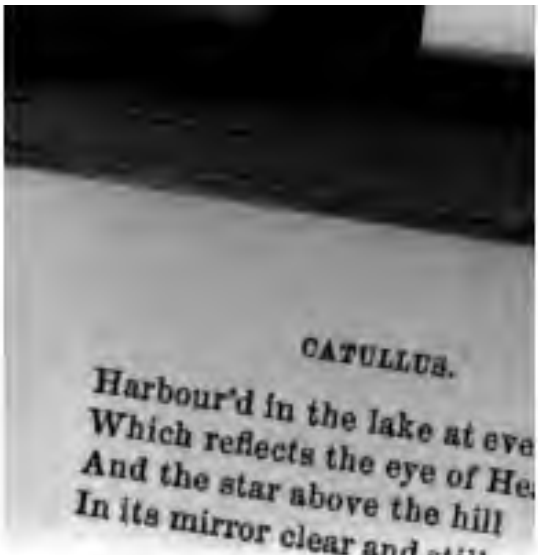
p See p. 249.

CATULLUS.

I.

THE PINNACE.

"Amastris, thou Pontic town,
"Box-bearing Cytorus, known
"Unto thee from first to last
"Is, he says, his story past.
"How at first a leafy wood
"On thine highest top he stood;
"In thy bay then dipped his oar;
"Thence on seas from shore to shore
"Bore his master, if the gale
"Right or left hath woo'd his sail;
"Or with full-sail'd power to move
"Favouring came the breathing Jove.
"Ne'er had he for dangers o'er
"Vows to pay to Gods on shore,
"Till, his wanderings done, at last
"To this limpid lake he pass'd.
"These are things which erst have been;
"Castor, with thy brother twin,
"Here he in tranquillity
"Dedicates his axe to thee."



CATULLUS.

Harbour'd in the lake at eve
Which reflects the eye of He
And the star above the hill
In its mirror clear and still.

II.

HOME.

Car. xxxi.

" Brightest Eye of Islets fair,
" Or peninsulas most rare,
" Which in watery friths around,
" Or in either sea are found ;—
" Sirmio, with what delight
" Do I see thee safe again,
" And can scarce believe me quite
" 'Scaped from the Bithynian plain!
" Oh, how blessed thus to cease
" From all cares, and find release

Foxes have holes, the bird a nest,
The last wish to a human breast:
Yes, sweetest spot to them that roam,
It is a little quiet home:
Yet 'twas a Christian's wish to die
With none, or none but strangers, nigh,
At a lone inn: that thought express'd
A fear on earth to find its rest:
'Twas this of old the pilgrim led

III.

THE FADED FLOWER.

Car. lxii. lin. 39.

"In shelter'd gardens hid the flower is born,
"Known to no cattle, by no plough-share torn,
"Rear'd by soft airs, warm suns, and genial shower,
"And many youths and maidens love that flower.
"Should some rude hand but nip the bloom in twain,
"No youths nor maidens love that flower again.
"E'en thus the spotless virgin doth appear,
"Cherish'd by kindred, to companions dear;
"But if once stain'd, that loveliness is o'er,
"By youths and maidens is she prized no more."

When men despair, blest angels may rejoice
Hearing from out the dust a suppliant voice,
And thence convey it where it yet may bloom,
Water'd with blood;—and in the tearful gloom
Foster'd awhile, till it can bear bright skies,
Sun, air, and shower in that new Paradise;—
Unharm'd by herd or plough or spoiler rude,
Safe in that Gardener's[1] keeping, Who once stood
In dawn of Resurrection; and is seen
There lifting up the drooping Magdalene.

[1] "They that dwelt in the garden, the companions heaven

IV.

A BROTHER'S DEATH.

TO HORTALUS.

Car. lxv.

" Though, Hortalus, unceasing sore distress
From the Aonian maids withdraws my mind,
For how can it the Muses' theme express,
Which toss'd by its own woes no rest can fin

" For lately hath my brother cross'd the strand
Where Lethe flows by his dear pallid feet ;
He on the Rhetian shore in Trojan land
Lies buried, and mine eyes no more shall me

Ca

" Through many nations and through many s
" Brother, I come to thy sad obsequies,
" To bear thee these last gifts, by sorrow led,
" And to address in vain the silent dead.
" Since my sad lot hath me bereft of thee,
" Alas, dear brother, gone from wretched me
" This one sad consolation now remains,
" Receive these gifts as ancient rite ordains,
" Gifts with a brother's tears all dripping o'e
" And now, farewell, my brother, evermore."

ON THE FOREGOING PASSAGES.

one spot good and pure

Then quieted in faith thy ruffled breast,
Finding upon the ground a tranquil nest,
Might thence have soar'd unto diviner things,
And shed a holier music from thy wings.

V.

TO HIMSELF.

Car. lxxvi.

" If good deeds past bring to mankind delig
In pious memories if aught is sweet,
Ne'er to have broken faith, forsworn the ri
Or call'd on God with purpose of deceit—

" Catullus, many joys in life's review
'Neath this ungrateful love are yet in sto
For of things kind that men can say or do,
All have been said and done by thee of yc

"O Gods, if ye are pitiful, if e'en
On verge of death ye e'er have brought relief,
Look on my woe; if pure my life hath been,
Remove this plague, this pestilential grief;—

"It creeps like poisonous torpor through each vein,
And every sense of joy drives from my breast;
I ask not that her love I may regain,
And with restor'd fidelity be blest.

The covetous would oft give worlds away,
Could he but 'scape the thirst within his brea
Love, scared by disappointment, in dismay
Yearns from itself to flee, and so to rest.

Then oh, how vain is every heart's desire,
Enslaved the more the more that it hath wo
It is the kindling of a deathless fire
In souls that find their rest in God alone.

VIRGIL.

I.

Some secret spring within it seems to press,
Which overflows with a deep tenderness,
As sense of that sad time awakes anew
When erst we unto Eden bid adieu.
Yea, with thee, Melibæus, would I go
To exile 'neath the mantle of thy woe,
Yet let not thy sweet sadness soothe my mind
To cast thy loving, lingering look behind;—
But rather as old Patriarchs in the skies
May we behold a better Paradise.
'Mid pastoral homes and herds and gifts divine
Mounts, springs, and shades of their own Pales
Still upward with departing eyes they turn'd,
To hopes more fair than evening skies that bu
Where they might hide and lose themselves in
And here their way as exile pilgrims trod.

II.

THE GEORGICS.

So great and silent was thy love
For Nature's children, thence to prove
A power within thee to make wise
In all their ways and sympathies ;—
With inmates of stream, vale, and wood,
E'en like a sacred brotherhood ;
Looking on their things with their sense,
Nay rather with intelligence
Investing them, and thought and eye
Of reflective humanity.
Till lifeless things begin to breathe,
Things animate their ways inwreathe
With intellect and human thought ;
So Passion is with all inwrought ;

For love without wi[illegible]
Of what lies in the feeling mind.
Thus Eden's curse and Eden's woes
Seem reconcil'd in that repose
Of spirit, which divinely still
Breath'd of high virtue, thought, and w
Judgment, and souls to good allied,
Thus exercised and purified.
We the same phases still explore
On Nature's face with him of yore—
Features the same that grow not old
With their expression manifold;—
See the same moon and stars and sky
Woods, streams, and Nature's progen
So multiform, yet still they rise
The same in their varieties.
But unto us to free from harm
There rests a new and holy charm,
All things are to the Cross allied,
And by Its shadow sanctified.
[illegible] Nature's shrines all seem'd to

That teach a Father's care and love ;
But how far of the things above
The varied semblance they may bear,
To things eternal minister,
No lights their airy paths illume,
'Tis hid in shadows of the tomb.
They share our woes, and speak the wrath
That is upon our mortal path,
Defy our knowledge, leave behind
Our vain enquiries on the wind.

III.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Georg. h

"All chances 'scaped, from shades bel
"He back retraced his steps, and now
"He near'd the realms of light, and s
"The lost and loved Eurydice,
"Follow'd his upward steps behind,
"So Proserpine's stern law assign'd.
"Day's threshold now was scarcely
"When, ah, unmindful and undone
"He stood, and with love-tranced e
"Look'd back on his Eurydice!
lost the word was

ON THE FOREGOING.

He in whose soul is born from high
The music of Heaven's harmony,—
Which soothes dark passions into peac
And from their kingdoms gives release;
He with him draws to realms above
The objects of his earthly love,
And leads them onward, while his face
Is upward turn'd:—with faltering pace
Should he on them turn back and gaze

IV.

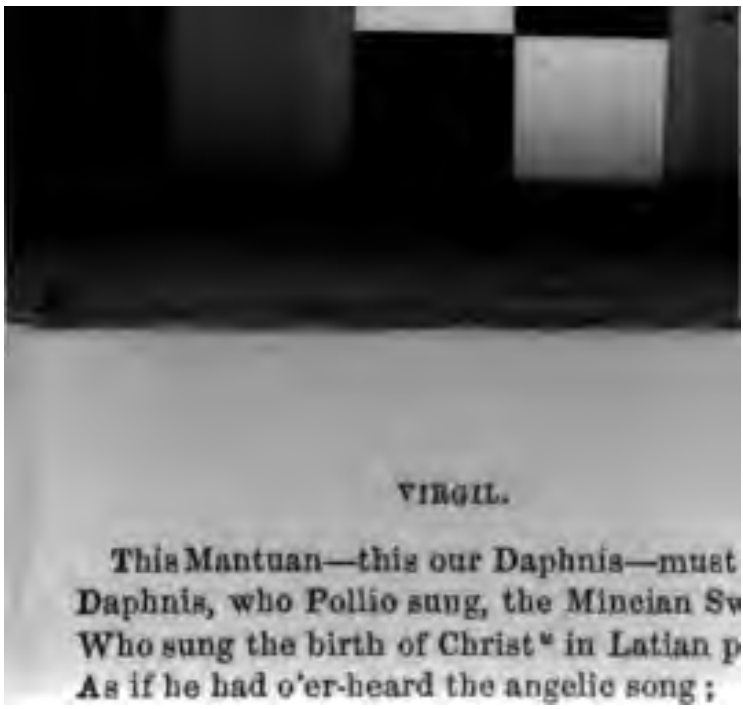
THE ÆNEID.

"Sum pius Æneas."

Could we but dive into the Poet's soul,
And see the embryo stirrings of his thou
Before itself it glasses forth in words,
Or is embodied in some moving tale,
We should there read more deep philoso
Than in the starry countenance of Heav
For in the soul of man there seems to s
An image of the boundless Universe,
Ebbing and flowing with its restless ti
Breathed forth unconscious oft in feign
[illegible] echo of the seas

It is a beauteous picture, from the walls
Of burning Troy seen in the glaring blaze,
'Tween mountains and the sea in hurried fli
His aged Sire upon his shoulders borne,
His household Gods, and with unequal steps
The boy Iulus holding firm his hand.
And well, great Poet, did thy heart divine
Of messages from Heaven, with trails of ligh
Dropp'd down to earth—and calling—at
voice
Conjugal tenderness and home-repose
Are to be cast behind; and yet thy hand

Or dream that issues from th
Achilles' wrath was stamp'd
Noble in falling and in ruin g
Great is Ulysses roving seas
But when the Latian would l
In hues of Heaven, beneath l
This image, as in water, wea
It was not found in man to d
Or by his words pourtray los
A form of *pietv* and meet for
Unequal by his deeds such fo
When more than that Ideal r
The Truth and Archetype wa
His Countenance was marr'd
Known for no form or come
Who had no beauty as desire
And clothed with shame ar
err
Is human, but to suffer is Di
Howbeit this the "*pious*" e

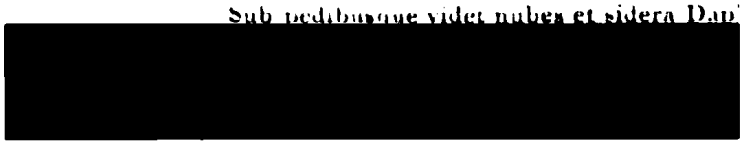


VIRGIL.

This Mantuan—this our Daphnis—must
Daphnis, who Pollio sung, the Mincian Sw
Who sung the birth of Christ[w] in Latian p
As if he had o'er-heard the angelic song;
So near hath he approach'd the eternal door
Daphnis[x], in shining white he walks on hig
Wondering at thresholds of the unwonted H
And 'neath his feet beholds the clouds and s

w Pollio, Ecl. iv., as in Pope's Messiah.

x "Candidus insueti miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Dap



Then Plato's high phil
Of things that after de
Was shadow'd in that
Which pass'd the ivor
Lo, where the golden
Shone 'mid the green
The winged pair that
From step to step, ali
His Mother's doves, t
In beautiful sweet au
Thence in the darklin

Their varied place of woe assign'd
To every crime wrought 'mong mankind,
Their penal sufferings manifold
By eye unseen, by tongue untold.
And there to pious souls is given
Elysian realms of nether Heaven:
Another sun and firmament,
And other stars, and o'er them bent
Purple serene, ethereal light,
With gifts beyond our mortal sight.
  Sweet teacher of our early youth!
The ancient Keeper of Christ's truth

VI.

ÆNEAS AND

From S. Augu

"Alas, my God, while yet a
Æneas would my thought
To me his wanderings we
While I in his forgot min
O'er dying Dido too I grie
Who slew herself by love
Yet I in all these things v
But o'er myself no tear I
Apart from God myself co

And sounded in my ears, Well done!
Well done, re-echoed on and on,
And I was sham'd to stand alone.

These things I wept not, yet could moan
For Dido's sorrows and her death,
Mine own was worse than parting breath;
And when forbid that tale of woe
I griev'd that sorrow to forego."

HORACE.

I.

AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro,
Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis? Heu, quoties fi
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis

I.

THE WORLD RENOUNCED.

Paraphrase.

What youth now courts, with sweets bedew'd,
  The World so seeming fair,
Where in some cave with roses strew'd
  She binds her golden hair,

O navis! referen
Fluctus? O! qu
Portum. Nom
Nudum remi

Et malus celeri sa
Antennæque gem
Vix durare cari
Possint impe

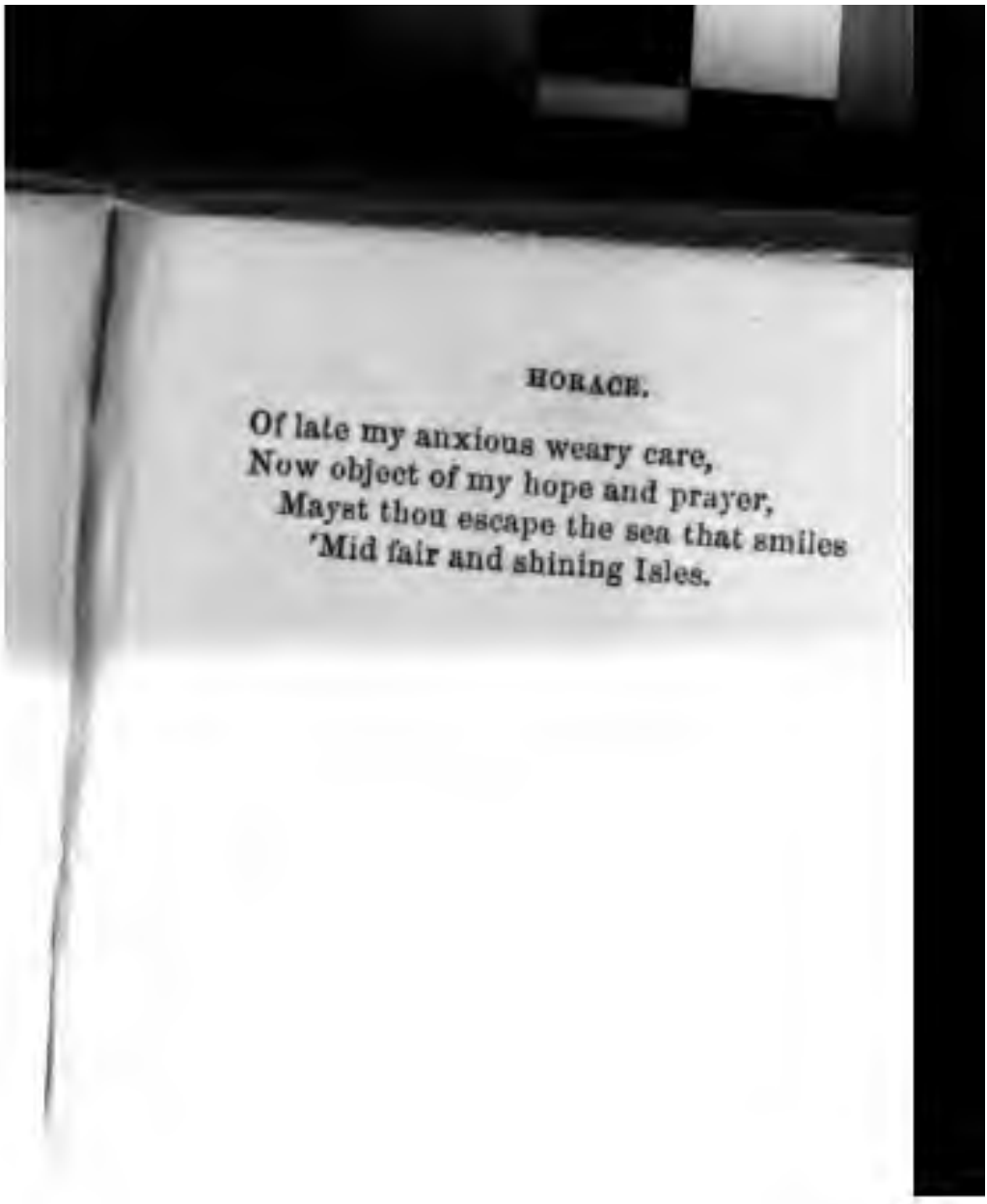
Æquor? Non tib
Non Dî, quos iter
Quamvis Pontic
Silvæ filia nol

II.

ECCLESIA LABORANS.

Paraphrase.

O ship! shall waves bear thee away
Again to sea? oh, why delay?
Thine harbour seize;—for see how torn



HORACE.

Of late my anxious weary care,
Now object of my hope and prayer,
Mayst thou escape the sea that smiles
'Mid fair and shining Isles.

III.

Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebr
Etrusca præter et volate litor
Nos manet Oceanus circumvagu
Petamus arva, divites et insul
Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarat
Et imputata floret usque vinea
Germinat et numquam fallentis t

Hence with unmanly plaint, and weak dismay!
Fleet by th' ill-fated shores, ye that are found
Still faithful, us vast Ocean calls away,
Flowing blest isles and happy fields around!

Earth's doom of toil ne'er reach'd that peaceful sh
There the true Vine needs not the Pruner's care
Nor His own Olive can deceive Him more[b];
Nor Fig-tree ever found unfruitful there[c].

But streams of honey flow, which cannot cloy
From th' everlasting hills the living well
Springs forth afresh; and flocks, without anr
By waters still with their own Shepherd dw

No evening foe can prowl that fold around
With watchful circuitings,—nor faithless
[redacted]

Pinguia nec siccis urantur semina
Utrumque rege temperante Cœ
Non huc Argoo contendit remige
Neque impudica Colchis intulit
Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua
Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssei;
Nulla nocent pecori contagia; nu
Gregem æstuosa torret impoter
Jupiter illa piæ secrevit litora ge
Ut inquinavit ære tempus aure
Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula
Piis secunda, vate me, datur fu

Nor augu[illegible]
No toil of restless man could [illegible]

Aught of that bliss, not Thought on venturous s
There ne'er been heard poor Nature's suffering c
From flocks contagion-struck, or 'neath hot gale
And starry influence breathing piteously.

Such seats the Father laid up for the good,
What time the golden bloom, which had its pa
In blissful Eden, turn'd to hardihood
Of brazen front, and thence to iron heart,

Of these our latter days, most sad of all,
Spurning a better love! Oh, strange to see
And yet foretold of yore[d]! my warning call
Hear ye, and to the Ark of Refuge flee!

[d] St. Matt. xxiv. 37.

IV.

PROTECTING PROVIDENCE.

Lib. iii. Od. iv.

"Hark, lovely phrensy charms my ear,
"Or sounds unearthly do I hear?
"I seem to walk the hallow'd grove,
"Where pleasant winds and waters rove.
"On Vultur, the Apulian steep,
"Once when a child I lay asleep,
"Wearied with play, and there was found
"Far from my home Apulia's bound,
"Where fabled wood-doves, strange to tel
"With the fresh leaf had veil'd me well.
"And long there liv'd the wondrous tale
"'Mid Bantia's groves, the hilly crest
"Of Acherontia's mountain nest,
"And rich Ferentum's lowly vale.
"That safe from bears and snakes that cr

In bulrush ark when Moses lay
Monsters of Nile around him play;
For there is One that cannot sleep
Who rocks his cradle on the deep;
And to th' Egyptian maid his cry
Is full of highest destiny.
And with Elijah in the wild,
Like Angels tending on a child,
Sustaining ravens o'er him borne
Descending wheel each eve and morn;
Wing'd pursuivants, they hear God's voice
And wait on children of His choice.
Then shall one born a child of Heaven
Be bow'd to earth, to sorrow given?

V.

THE SICILIAN FEAS

"Districtus ensis cui super im
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ
Dulcem elaborabunt sapor
Non avium citharæve can
Somnum reducent."

The sword of dread eternity
Had we but faith to see,—
Hung o'er our heads by one
Between us and the dead,
We ne'er could dare with cu
At the World's feast to li
No viands which her skill b

VI.

MEN DEIFIED.

"Sive mutata juvenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ."

Lib. i. Od. ii. 41.

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus; illius aram
Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus."

Virgil's Ecl. i.

"They lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lycaonia, The Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."

Acts xiv. 11.

When God in Canaan spake with men,
By tree or mount or glen,
Then erst in Homer's early song
Gods walk'd mankind among;
And worship mix'd with Gods on high
The heroes as they die.
But what time on this world of woes
The Sun of glory rose,
hen kings on earth in their own pride
Themselves were deified;
nd the prerogatives of Heaven
'o earth and ashes given.
'f in souls with flesh inwreath'd
sense was stilly breath'd

V.

THE SICILIAN FEAST.

"Districtus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem;
Non avium citharæve cantus
Somnum reducent."

Lib. iii. Od. i. 1. 17.

The sword of dread eternity
Had we but faith to see,—
Hung o'er our heads by one weak thread
Between us and the dead,—
We ne'er could dare with curious eye
[illegible] feast to lie.

VI.

MEN DEIFIED.

"Sive mutata j ivenem figura
Ales in terris imitaris, almæ
Filius Maiæ."

Lib. i. Od. ii. 41.

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,

Of evil spirits at the time
O'er-heard th' angelic cl
Of truth emerging,—at th
Of God Himself on eart
Thence in men's souls the
With poison they infus
And blend with their idol
The secrets of the skies.

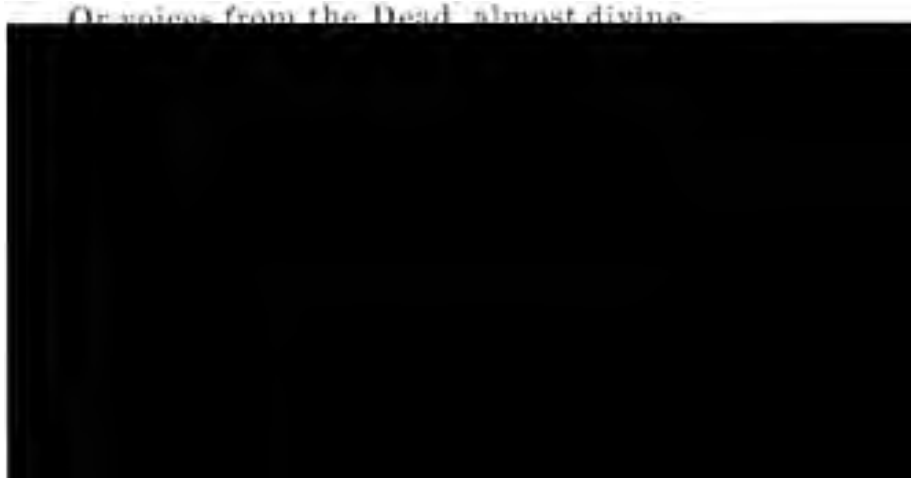
VII.

LUCRETIUS AND HORACE COMPARED.

"Nec tamen explemur vitai fructibus unquam."
Luc.

"Nimium breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ."
Hor.

Like awful tones from Nature's mouldering shrine,
Or voices from the Dead, almost divine



TIBULL

(*Left sick at Corcyra by the*

" How blest they lived in tha
Ere through long roads the
Ere yet the pine-tree mock'd
And its full bosom to the v

" To distant shores no wande
With foreign freight loaded
Beneath the yoke there groan

Following Messala over sea and land.

"But me, so pliant found to tender Love,
Into Elysian bowers shall Venus bring,
Where choirs and dances bloom, and as the
Melodious birds for ever sweetly sing.

"Wild shrubs sweet cassia bear, throug
leas
With fragrant roses teems the genial gr
Boys intermix'd with maidens sport at ea
And no contentions but of love are fou

"There is the lover whom death snatch'd
The myrtle wreaths his honour'd locks
But guilty seats, in night profound, from
Lie hid, black sounding streams ar

It catches at the shadow of high truth
Itself delighting in the golden dream

For deeper than it knew the soul with
Found the great witness of that anc
Of happy days ere yet the world knew
Which yet shall be restor'd and nev

But that this mingled web of good and
Must be unravell'd first, the light an
Be parted, which together travail, till
That final separation shall be made.

And this too well they deem'd, tha
Love
Can lay its hand upon the golden ke
Which shall admit her to those realms

theme,
in
ent tale,
sin,
r fail,—

THE MI

WHEN in our world, w
The morn of life fi
All things it touch'd
Then sights and sound
We felt the cold bou
And gathering wings o
To other worlds th
Delighting in wild fa

When young Imagination was the guest
Of Caliphs, and of Viziers, dress'd in gold,
Haron Alraschid's court and Bagdad's magic sound.—
Thence issuing forth with wand of ease
Into Aladdin's palaces,
Enchantments o'er and under ground,
Or marble cities 'neath blue Ocean halls,
Pearl-glittering corridors and jewell'd walls;
Or Wonder sail'd with Sinbad on the seas;
Or heard of souls that pined in speechless animals.

And Seasons, [illegible]
Where first Aurora, with her veil half-drawn,
Opens the purple portals of the dawn,
And rose-besprinkled halls;
Stars, and horn'd Moon before her flee; the Hou
Harness the steeds from their ambrosial stalls;
Then the full flood of Day-light pours.

4.

Then Souls imprison'd in the living cage
Of Creatures multiform that fill the earth,
Or seas or stream or skies,—run, swim, or fl
Or branch from rooted trees of leafy birth,
There shrined for periods of long pilgrimage.
Sweet Echo, vocal Maid that melts to air
In rock-embowering cave or wood unseen;
Or mirror'd in the stream Narcissus flowering fr
All new, grotesque, and uncouth images,
[illegible] withal as sights in summer seas.

He saw and mourn'd o'er nature's laws,
Which for the slaughtering knife had sanction
But knew not the primeval cause ;
Nor those remedial ways, in silence seal'd,
How the true Lamb of God, the Holy One,
Upon Whose Blood alone souls feed and live,
Doth hallowed and mysterious sanction give,
Yet Sacramental silence hangs thereon.
O wondrous type, yet unreveal'd,
Whereby the creatures of the field and flood,
That we may live, yield up their innocent blo
We who the family of Pain let in
Behold them share our woes, but not our si

7.

That Sage would bind us in strange brotherhc
With beasts beneath us, as with forms endu
With spirits, upon one alternate road.
Such spells we need not ; better Love shall
All things anew, for His sake render dear
The objects of Creation which appear,

And for our sake suffering beneath [illegible]

8.

And haply something too of wisdom l
In fabling tales of those strange deitie
Assuming every creature's guise arou
Thus multiplying near unearthly eye
Or some inverted truth may there be fo
As Satan thus transform'd hath
ground :
For great the secrets are which our frail
bound.

9.

Wonderful changes that await the soul;
And strange and new creations shall unrol
Around her upward path, like clouded gleams,
And there disclose unveil'd a Father's love.
On other worlds, greater than now beseems,
Imagination pours forth golden youth,
Lighting her torch at the eternal truth.

II.

OVID'S EPISTLES.

I loved the Ovidian turn and skill-wroug
Well suited to the boyish mind and ear ;
In such good Herman Hugo could insphe
His Angels, and with wisdom most divin
In guise of wingèd Childhood intertwine
Thoughts worthy for Angelic ears to hear
Yet growing sense in Boyhood, while yet
From sins that darken spirit, would repi
O'er those impassion'd lays of Heathen lc
In sorrow and surprise, as fain to ask
The wisdom of Instructors, Why this tas

III.

OVID'S TRISTIA, OR LAMENTATIO

Yet moving was that exile and distress
Which sought in such sweet strains to fi
Fair as the hues on the decaying leaf;
Such pitiful, such touching tenderness,
Yet so unmann'd, so hopeless, spiritles
These are the fruits of Passion, which
In its enjoyments leaves an after-grief,
A loneliness of spirit, on which press
Life's accidents, with such a piercing
... blending thou

JUVEN

I.

GUILT THE SELF-

"But then revenge more pleas
"So say the unwise, whose
strife
"O

"With lash that sounds not, and the scourge of fear,
"The mind itself its executioner.
"Worse pain than can Cæditius here bestow,
"Or Rhadamanthus in the shades below;—
"By night and day, with ceaseless watch oppress'd,
"To bear his own accuser in his breast.
"A Spartan was once answer'd by the shrine
"That he should suffer for his ill design;—
"For he enquired should he a pledge retain,
"And by a perjured oath the fraud sustain;
"If such the Pythian deity would speed,
"And if Apollo would persuade the deed.—
"And so from fear, not conscience, he restor'd,
"A terrible example to afford,
"Well worthy of the shrine and prophet's word,
"Himself cut off, his kindred, and his home,
"Extinguish'd utterly in fearful doom.
"Such punishment awaits the wish to sin,
"For he who meditates a crime within
"Is guilty of the deed; but if the crime
"Itself he perpetrate, for after time
"Endless anxiety will on him lie,
"Nor at the table cease, his throat is dry,
"He cannot the chew'd morsel swallow down,
"From choicest wines he turns with sickly frown...
"At night should care allow him brief repose,
"*His limbs* at *length* find rest, his eye-lids close,
"*He sees*, all trembling, the Avenger's rod,—
"*The temple*, and the altar, and the God,
"*And thee thyself*. With sacred terrors fraught,
"*Greater than* human, is thine image brought

Constrains him to confess
"Such men at lightnings t
"Half-dead at the first murm
"As if not clouds by chance
"But vengeance had brougl
Heaven.
"When pass'd, then of the n
"Lest Judgment by this calm
"Should side-felt pains and fe
"They feel the offended God;
"As weapons hurl'd by angry
"They cannot sacrifice; what
"What hope when guilty men
"What victim not less worthy
"Though sin be in its natur
"Yet once admitted, stedfastr
"Remains: when crime is fini
"To ope their eyes to goodness
"Yet nature, once perverted,
"To self-condemning ways, no
"Fix'd and

That calm Philosophy hath music's charms,
And of revenge the soul of man disarms,
'Till neath the angry storms of Passion wild,
By honeyed sweet Hymettus, Wisdom's child
Is gentle as a sleeping infant's breast,
Or the calm sea that heaves and is at rest.—
That ill intention in the All-seeing Eyes
Is guilty, though within the heart it dies;—
That there is something in the sinful soul
Which points in fear to some more fearful goa'
And sees in all around the shafts of God,
While that within bids to expect His rod.—
At the first sin that scales fall from the eyes,
[illegible]ledge of good and evil open lies;—
[illegible] of the perverted Wil'

Where is revenge, and thoughts to it allied?
They are all buried with the Crucified.
All things there point to Judgment at the last,
Each thunder-storm a warning of that blast,—
All speak the Accuser who our ways doth scan,
And of a Judge which is the Son of Man.
All there is life;—'tis not the law of sin
But living Tempter who hath power within;
And if to the first sin he can surprise
Then open to that knowledge leaves the eyes.
With Adam's children who accept his chain
The scene of Paradise he acts again;
Leads to false shades to hide their misery—
To hide from God, and loving life to die.
And what is this, when guilt doth once begin
This fix'd immutability of sin?
'Tis that the evil one in ambush waits

...can the Conscience ease,
or aught those angry deities appease:
o beasts which more unworthy are to die
ıe sinful soul itself can satisfy.
ıt yet That Living Sacrifice of Love
ay to the sin-sick heart atoning prove:
ea, though neglected long, and greater grace
griev'd, yet not quite hidden is His Face;
ıd pitying still, betwixt us and the skies,
ır living Intercessor never dies.
All there is life; in this our mortal state
umerable eyes upon us wait:
d bones of Heathen Sages at That Breath
he them with flesh and sinew; they from deat
te and arise, in stillness most profound;
stand like living Witnesses around.

II.

RURAL IMAGES IN THE SATIRIST.

Like pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

"Ægeria's grot—how fairer far
That Goddess with her haunted cav
Did Nature's stone no marbles mar,
But grassy banks enclose the wave.

"The village Stage of turf is piled,
The well-known Play again appears
Scared by the mask the rustic child
Hides in its mother's breast its fea

"To me—when issuing forth at night

JUVENAL.

" A herdsman's son—who thinks w
Of mother now so long unseen,
Of little cot dear in his eyes,
And goats which so well known h

" The broken rafts in Baia's cove
Are moor'd—the sailors safe on sl
There with their shaven crown they
To tell their dangers o'er and o'er

ON THE FOREGOING PASSAGES

To gentle pictures such as these
The poet turns, as to illume
With Nature's soothing images
A page with horrors fill'd and gloc

For dark the page as he explor'd
The murky haunts of sinking Ron
Of which in Paul's ' inspired word
Is writ the character and doom.

'Neath some appalling grief or dread
The heart o'ercharg'd thus turns t
Some way-side flower with modest '
Or playful child about the feet.

Are given to temper shades of woe,
By Him Who on our path at night
Hath bid the insect's lamp to glow.

PERSIUS.

I.

SUFFERINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

Sat. ii.

"GREAT Sire of Gods, when thou wouldst vengeance take
"On cruel tyrants, which with murders slake
"Their lust of blood,—there is no punishment
"More dire than this which justice can invent,
"The virtue they have lost, that Good Divine
Let them behold, and [illegible]
[illegible]

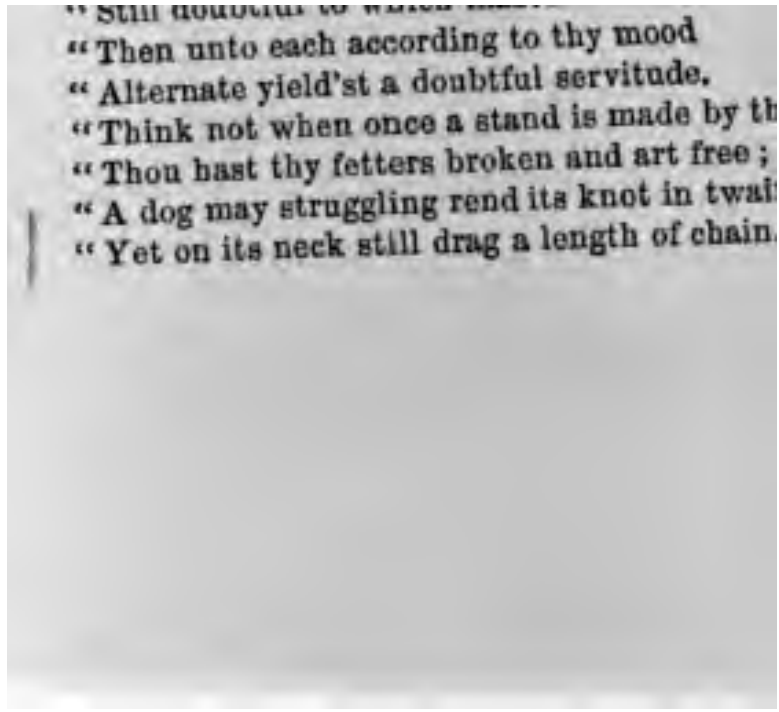
II.

THE FAITHFUL INSTRUCTOR.

Sat. v.

"It is not mine with baubles to inflate
"A pompous page, to smoke imparting weight.
"Secret we speak. With thee my muse makes l
"To thee my inmost bosom would unfold.
"To thee, Cornutus, would I fain impart
"How much, sweet friend, thou art of mine
heart.
"Sound me, an unflaw'd vessel thou canst tell,
"Varnish of tongue and paint none know so wel

" ... temper master'd; in her school
" Thine was the Artist's thumb deftly to mou
" The character to form which it must hold.
" Long days have we together spent erewhi
" Together early nights did we beguile,
" One work, one rest we had in sweet accord,
" And cheer'd our studies at one frugal board.
" The lives of men are of a thousand hues,
" Each hath his bent, his pleasure each pursues
" Then days in mud and darkness spent deplore,
" And groan when all too late that life is o'er.
" But pale at nightly studies grows thy brow
" The young to train, in cleansèd ears to sow
" Wisdom's pure fruits, such as Cleanthes own'
' Come, young and old, here shall your want
crown'd
By their true end, provision for old
For sad grey



LIVY.

I.

THE ROMAN CHARACTER.

From S. Augustine's City of God, b. v. c

A BRUTUS stood'st against [illegible]

II.

NUMA POMPILIUS.

"Sicut Romulus augurato urbe condenda regnum ad de se quoque Deos consuli jussit. Inde ab augure de arcem."

Lib. i. cap.

Thus Paganism judged aright
That Power comes down from Heaven
The shadow of the Kingly might
To the Anointed given.

[illegible] who deem

III.

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

Lib. v. ch.

"It was the custom of the Falisci to have the same pr
master and companion of their children: and as it is at this
custom in Greece, they had many boys committed to the ca
master. The children of the princes were instructed, as is
the case, by a person pre-eminent for his learning. This n
during peace adopted the custom of leading out the boys be
city for the sake of play and exercise; this practice being n
rupted by the war, he was used to draw them out from the
shorter or longer distances; and by varying their sports and
sation he advanced, when an opportunity occurred, further tha
and thus led them on within the stations, and from thence i
Roman camp, and the tent of Camillus the general. There to
of wickedness he added a still more iniquitous speech; sayi
'he delivered Falerii into the hands of the Romans; since I
into their own power those boys whose parents were the l
the State.' On hearing which Camillus replied, 'Thou hast n
wicked man, with thy wicked gift to a people and a comman
thyself.' .... He then had him stripped of his clothing, ar
his hands tied behind his back, delivered him up to the bo
nishing them with rods, to drive the traitor back into the ci

Such he, methinks, to whom 'tis given
To rear and mould the sons of Heaven:
(All children they of Royal Blood,
A more than princely brotherhood)
Yet turns the task to him assign'd
To vitiate the youthful mind;—
And leaves them with the foe to li
For ever in captivity.

Of evil spirits, which abide
In classic beauties, there to hide,
Like spiders when on watch they lie
In their sun-gilded tapestry;
Yea, there have been who gather'd lies
Of all those heathen deities,—
Such fabled legends have inwrought
Through limbec of their own bad thought
And thence in minds yet free from ill
With all impurities instil.
Haply the ends which such await
Are mirror'd in this traitor's fate.
  Ye watch Christ's little ones, oh, see
Ye make not this high ministry
The snare of youth, the woe of age;
For 'tis an Angel's privilege.